

INTRODUCING

150

Honkytonk Sue

THE QUEEN OF COUNTRY SWING



See Sue
take on Mr. Disco
and make him look
like a dork.

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"the Queen of Country Swing"

Honkytonk **Sue**

"Thank you for giving us at last a female counterpart to the Marlboro Man, Dirty Harry, and all the other machismo myths that roam the earth unchallenged."

**Sandy Lovejoy
June 17, 1978
Phoenix, Arizona**

This book is dedicated to Kathy Sue Radina, who taught me how to be a winner.

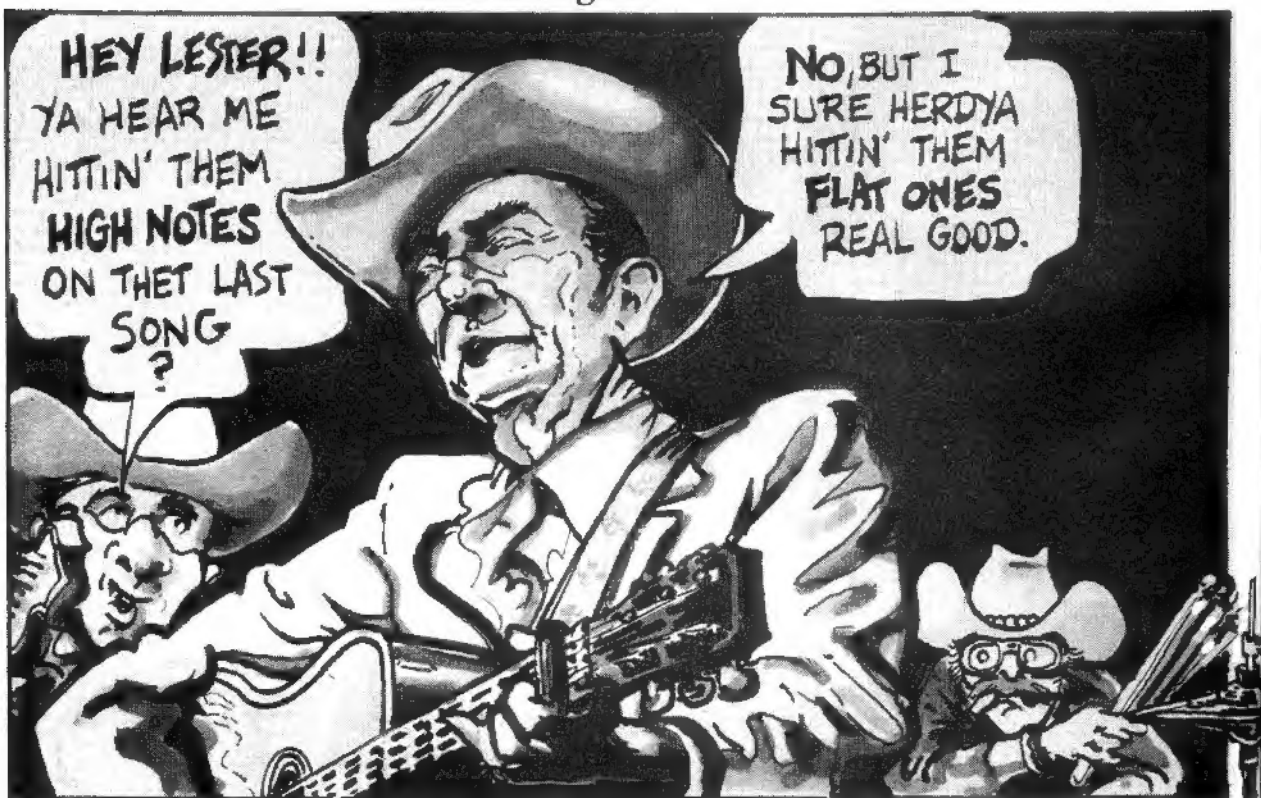
BZ

The Wild West lives on in the Honkytonks of the Southwest . . .

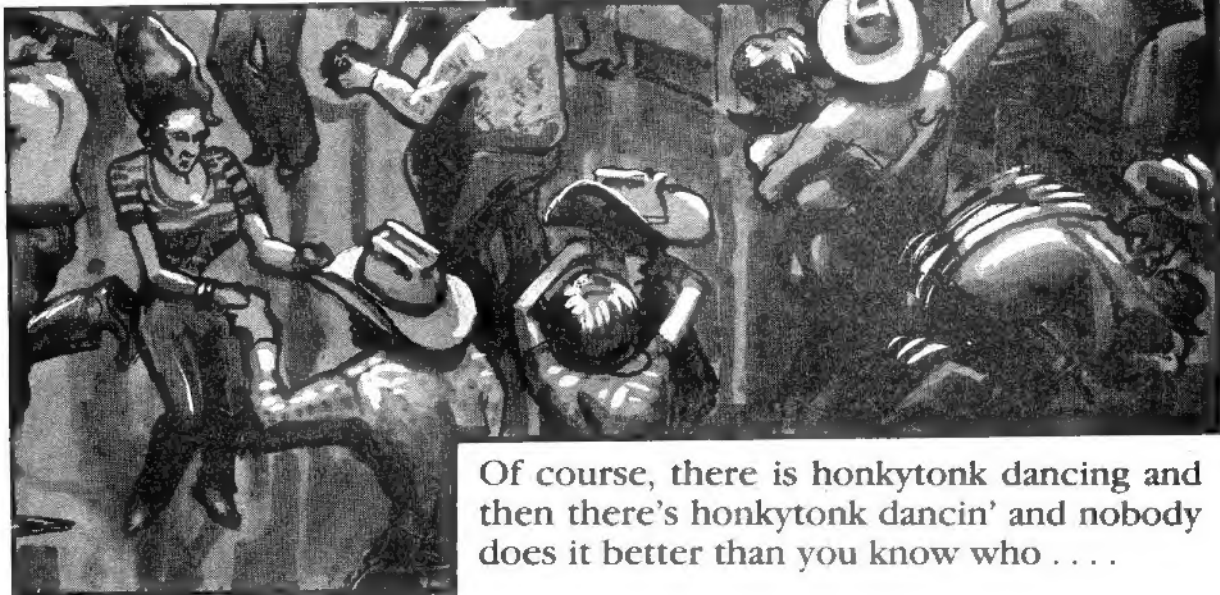


Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that Honkytonks are dangerous to your paycheck, your liver, and your marriage.

Playing music in a honkytonk is alot like a parachute jump. You get as high as you can, grab three chords and hang on . . . chances are you'll live through it.



Dancing in a Honkytonk is alot like touch football. Two hands below the wait and plenty of body contact, kicking and scoring.

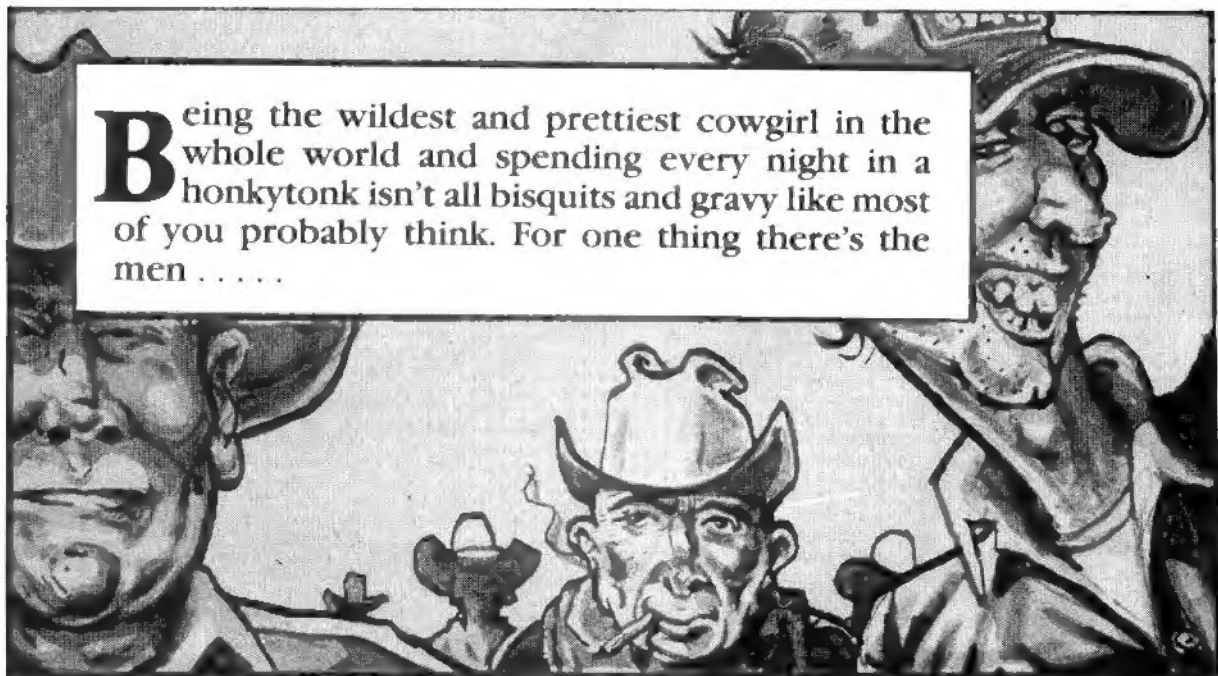


Of course, there is honkytonk dancing and then there's honkytonk dancin' and nobody does it better than you know who





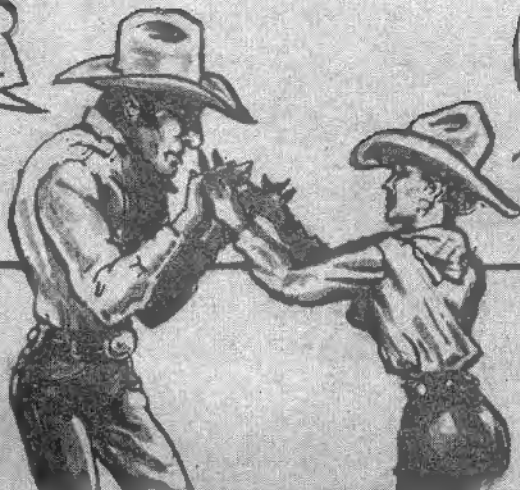
Being the wildest and prettiest cowgirl in the whole world and spending every night in a honkytonk isn't all bisquits and gravy like most of you probably think. For one thing there's the men



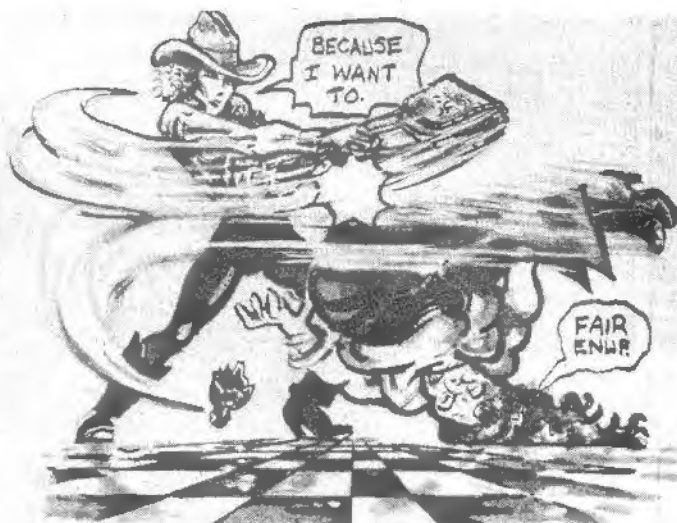
I'VE GOT
BIG BUCKS.

CALL
ME SUE.

... true, some are semi-good
looking with barrel chests
and a lot to offer



...but these kind of men all seem to have
one thing in common. Jealous wives.....



...a few of the single men are quite harmless.....



... but the vast majority have only one
thing on their minds



... and most of them don't listen too good.

REAL BAD
LUKIN' LIMP YA
GOT THER' TYRER.

HORSE
STEPPED
ON ME.

As for the rest...well, between the shypokes, the liars, and the dorks, the pickings are mighty lean...

IF I SED I LAK
YER BODY...WULD YA
HOLD IT AGENST
ME?...HA-HA
GIT IT?

...so Honkytonk Sue, orders another draft, smokes another smoke and waits for a man who's man enough.

JIMMY-CARL, YOU CAN SHORE
HANDLE THEM BULLS, BUT
THAT LITTLE GAL DONE
LEFT YOU STRADDLIN'
THE BREEZE!!

BITE THE
BIG ONE,
ERNIE.

WHERE'S
TH' DAMN
TRUCK?

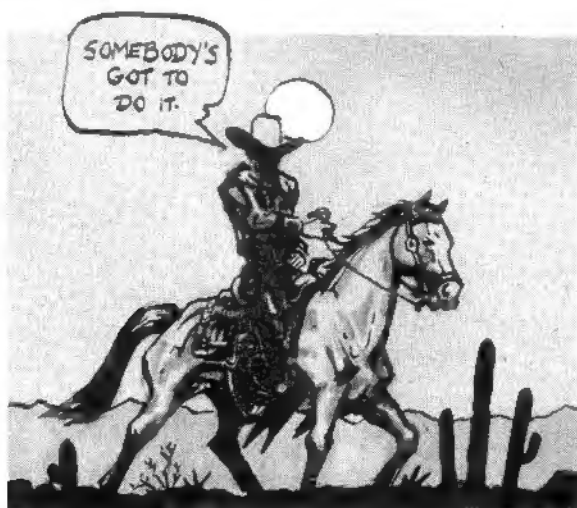
Only the good Lord knows how many women in how many bars, have waited how many years for "Mr. Right."

I'VE
BEEN COMIN'
HERE SINCE
1946,
AND I AINT
SEENIM'
ONCE.

TELL IT LIKE
IT IS MERT.
RAAT NOW I'D
SETTLE FER
"MR. SO-SO."

NICE
SHOT-
LEW.

Imagine. "Mr. Right," one man, with every woman in every bar in the world waiting for him...night after night.....



When he enters a room, women go bananas. They come unglued. They melt at the sight of his perfect good looks and his fantastic qualifications.



Well, all except one that is.

EXCUSE ME MISS, I CAN FULLFILL EVERY FANTASY YOU'VE EVER HAD ABOUT A MAN. I'M INDEPENDENTLY WEALTHY, I'M SENSITIVE, I'M SEXUALLY SECURE, I HAVE LIFE ALL FIGURED OUT, AND I EVEN PICK UP MY SOCKS. . . . SAY THE WORD AND I'M YOURS...



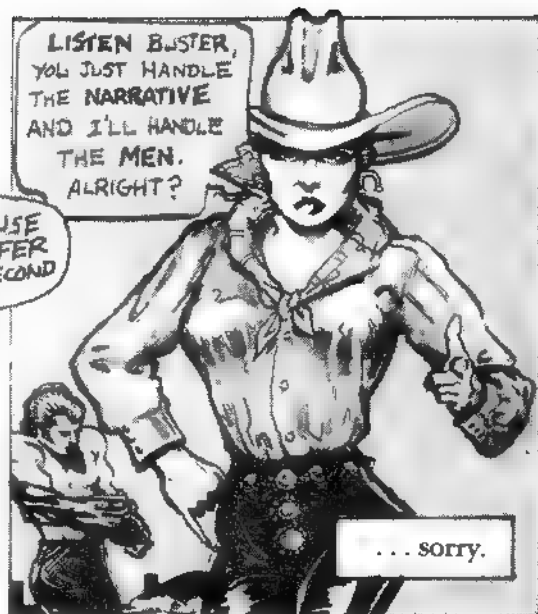
No Sue, he can't type, but his lines are like oral dictation; everything he says, you better get down on paper.



There is no doubt about "Mr. Right" being loaded. He owns a plush quadruple-wide mobile home with a "view" and a C.B. radio in every room.....



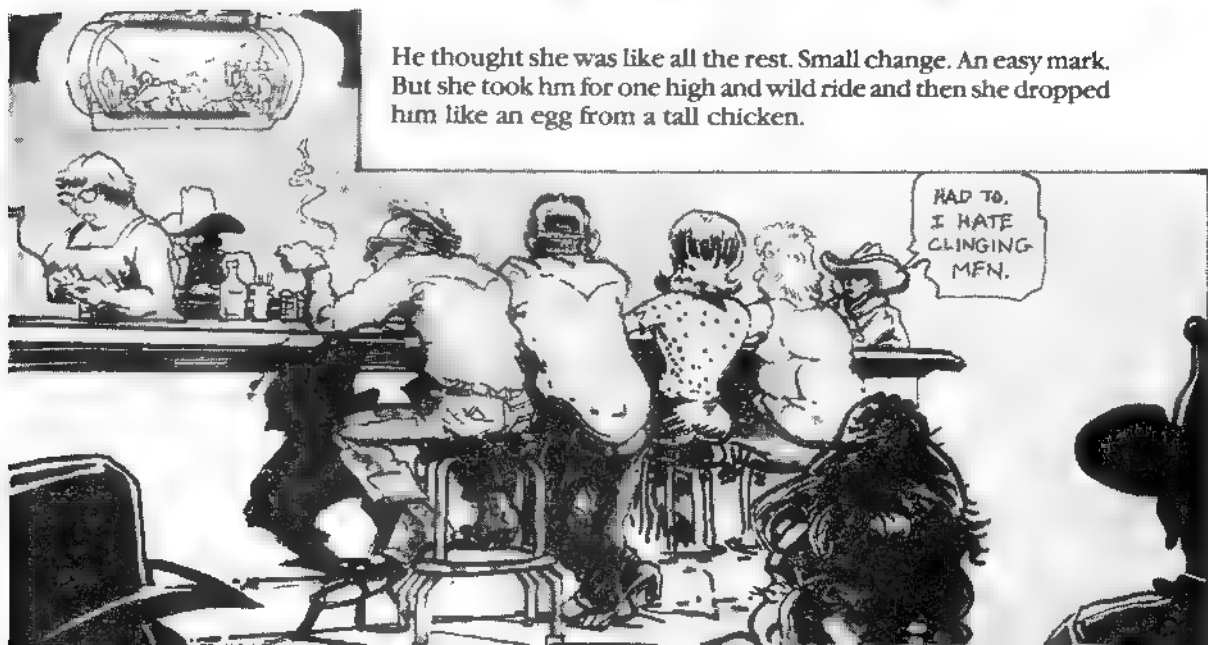
What's this?! No smart retort?! No zinging putdown?! Could Honkytonk Sue actually be falling for this big galoot?!!!



He had broken a thousand hearts in a thousand bars but "Mr Right" met his match with Honkytonk Sue.



He thought she was like all the rest. Small change. An easy mark. But she took him for one high and wild ride and then she dropped him like an egg from a tall chicken.



"Mr. Right" tried and tried to forget her, but of course he couldn't. He was stung but good.

He took to drinking heavily. Friends tried to set him up with beautiful women but it didn't help....



A cruel twist of fate. The tables had been turned completely. But who is to blame? It would be totally absurd and unfair to suggest that Sue relished his suffering. . .

. . . or that she got off on watching him crawl and grovel like some stray dog begging for a bone . . .



...oh. O.K., so much for the comic code . . .

Part II "Mr. Disco"



As Honkytonk Sue is about to find out a disco is slightly different than your local honkytonk. Besides the music and the method in which

it is dispatched, the clothes, the language, the decor, the sexual preferences, the politics and even the bathrooms are miles and miles apart.



OH SUE, ISN'T
THIS **EXCITING?**
IT'S JUST LAK IN
TH' MOVIE!!

YEH, BUT WHEN ARE
THEY GONNA TURN OFF
THET **ELEVATOR MUSIC**
AND LET THE
BAND START ?

the thing remains the
the though

HI, MY NAME IS
ERIC, AND I'VE GOT
A LAYERED HAIRCUT AND
I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG
BUT I'M TERRIFIC IN
BED....



HEY IT'S YOUR
LOSS BABY!!!
I'VE HAD NO
COMPLAINTS!
I'VE GOT
LOADS OF
CHICKS, LINED
UP FOR MILES
MANNN!!!!



GEE SUE, HE WAS
KINDA CLUTE, HOW COME
YOU PUT HIM DOWN
LAK THET?

WELL DONNA JEAN,
WHEN IT COMES TA
GUD LOVIN'...REMEMBER
THIS...



...IF A MAN HAS
TO BRAG
HE'LL BE THE FIRST
TO SAG."

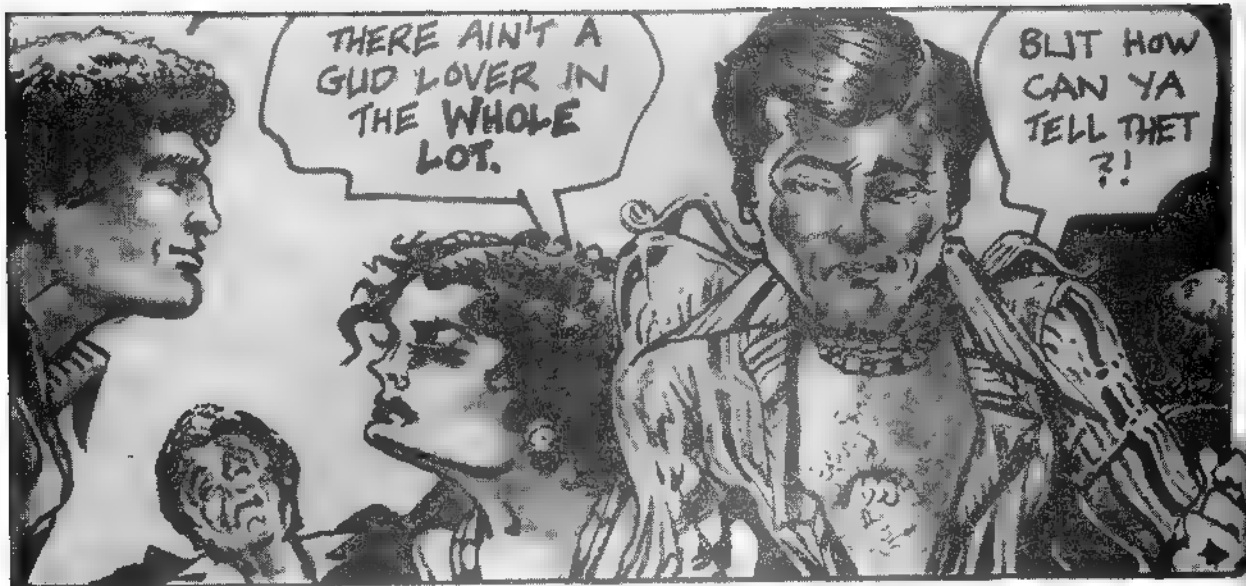


BUT SUE, THAT
INCLUDES PRACTICALLY
EVERY GUY IN THE
FREE WORLD!!

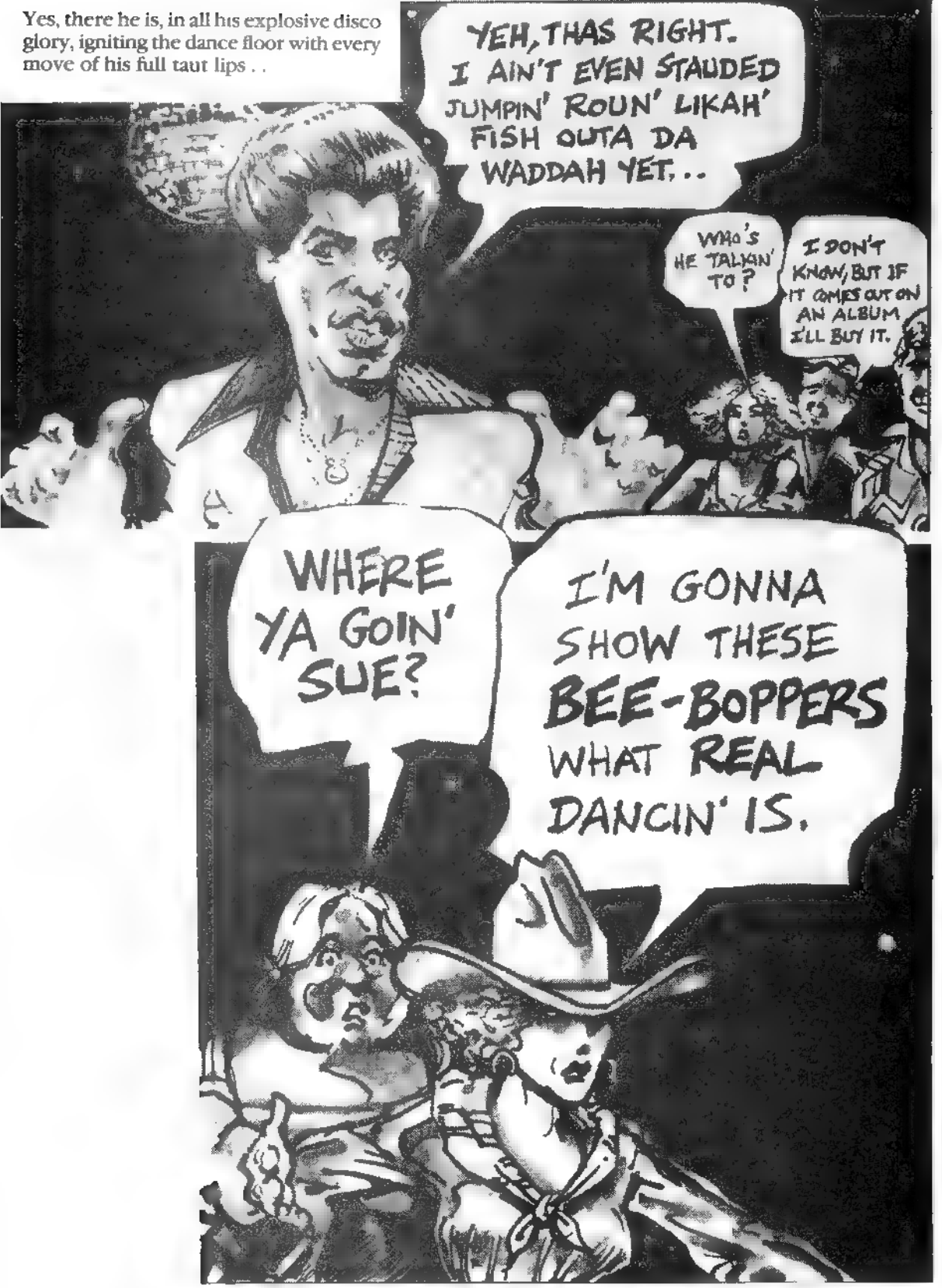
SHAME
ISN'T
IT?







Yes, there he is, in all his explosive disco glory, igniting the dance floor with every move of his full taut lips . .



YEH, THAS RIGHT.
I AIN'T EVEN STAUDED
JUMPIN' ROUN' LIKAH'
FISH OUTA DA
WADDAH YET...

WHO'S
HE TALKIN'
TO?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT IF
IT COMES OUT ON
AN ALBUM,
I'LL BUY IT.

WHERE
YA GOIN'
SUE?

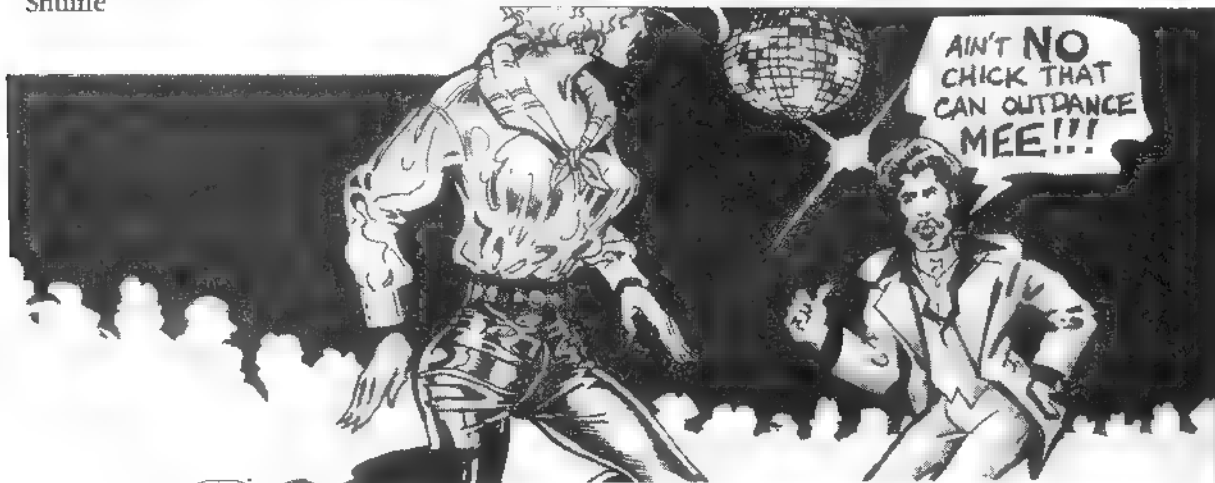
I'M GONNA
SHOW THESE
BEE-BOPPERS
WHAT REAL
DANCIN' IS.

It was inevitable Two top guns. A showdown. The lines were drawn and the stakes were high. Flashy, urban disco versus gritty, country honkytonk, Boz versus Hank, Moog versus steel Brittania versus Levi, Fedora versus Arizona Feeds, Mercedes versus G.M.C. and ultimately, Macho versus M'am.



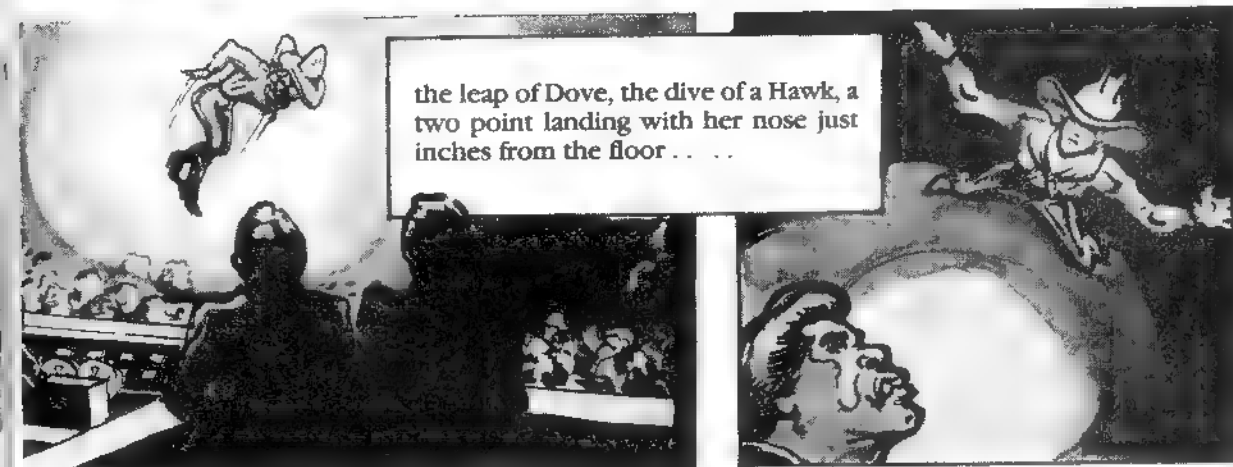
... slowly and deliberately. Sue goes into the Safford Shuffle

... but Mr Disco isn't worried . . .





... the Safford Shuffle gives way to the Wickiup Wiggle, then comes the famous Winslow Womp and the lewd Seligman Stomp. Mr Disco is temporarily stunned, but what he doesn't know is that Sue is saving the most incredible dance for last





. then, the Texas Shuffle done upside down all the way across the room. Mr. Disco had the home floor advantage and he had never been beaten, but he had never danced against Honkytonk Sue . . . he was finished



THANKS
FER TH'
DANCE.

BEAT BY AH
CHICK! I
GUESS I'LL GO BE
A PRIEST LIKE MY
BRUDDAH...

many in the crowd went into shock

others got petty



A problem indeed Mr Disco is about to call in the muscle



The feared "Disco Death Bouncers." Locked in metal cages since puberty and forced to listen to Bee Gee records for hours on end. Naturally, they were ready to kill anything.



It was such an obvious mismatch. In the end it was the background training that made the difference..

Donna Jean took out the first "Disco Death Bouncer" with a standard female honkytonk purse maneuver known as the "thanks, but I don't feel like dancing" hook.



and Sue raised the consciousness of the second and third with the standard Honkytonk Sue maneuver known as the "check out the ceiling, boys" uppercut..

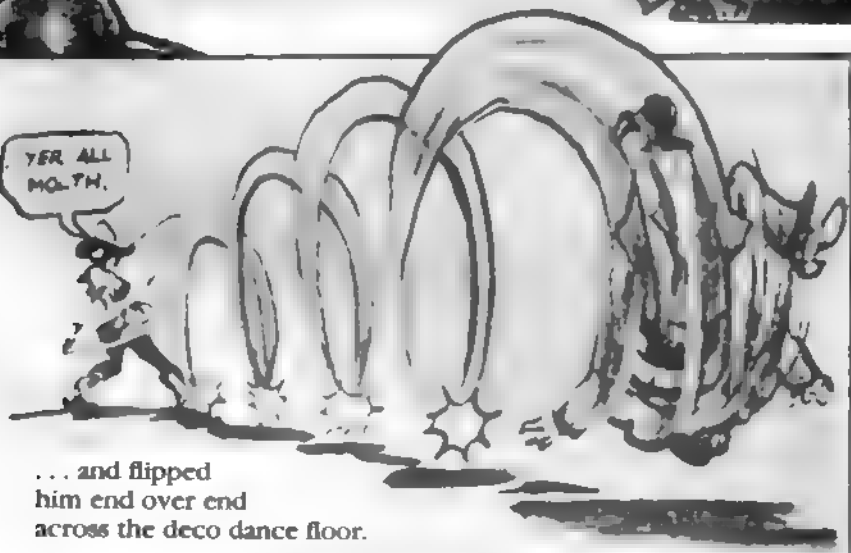


... then just for good measure Sue calmly walked over, grabbed Mr. Disco by the lips.....

YOU NEW YORK BOYS ARE ALL ALIKE...



YER ALL MO-TH.



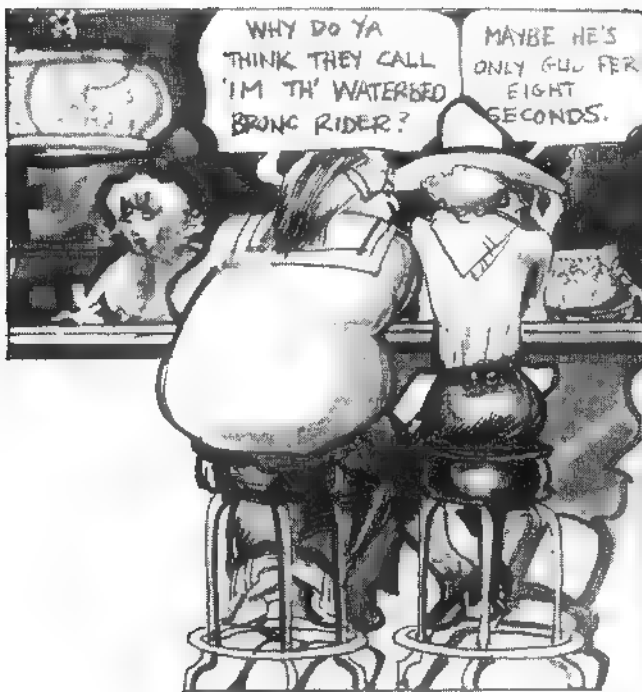
... and flipped him end over end across the deco dance floor.

Later, after cleaning out an entire disco Honkytonk Sue and Donna Jean are naturally ready for some thing more challenging

BE CAREFUL DONNA JEAN I DONT LAX HIS LIPS

HES BEEN SMILIN' AT ME FOR FAV MINUTES. I THINK HE WANTS ME SUE.





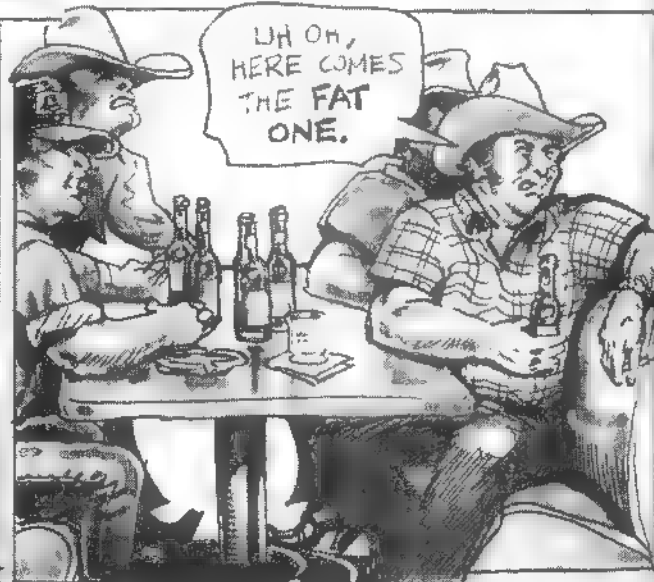
As it's getting close to closing time the girls make their move to salvage the evening



Sue uses her "subtle" approach.

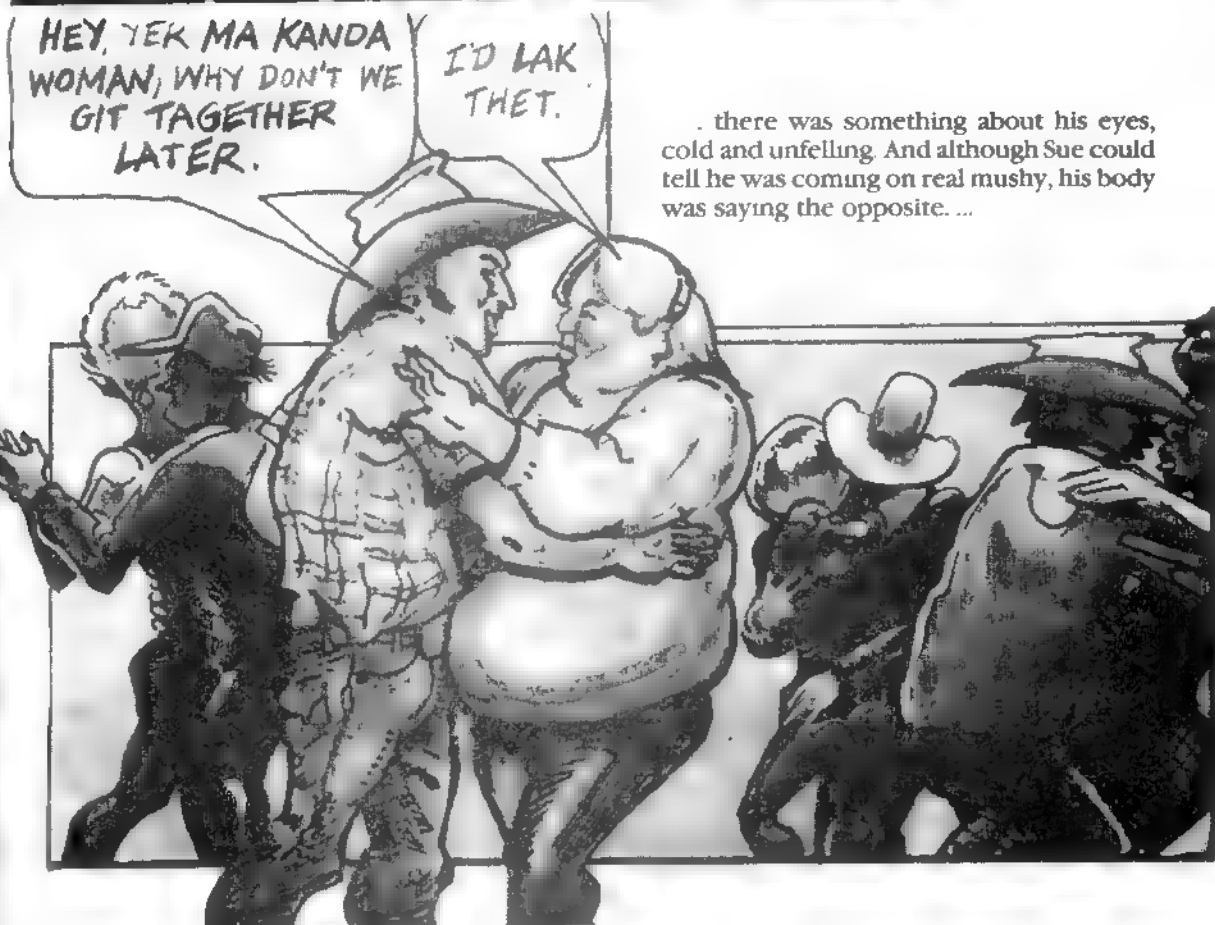


but poor Donna Jean Sue pegged 'Ma Waterbed' on the money He's a stinker





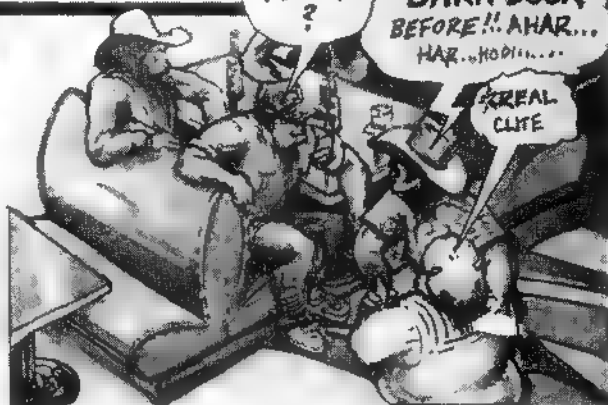
Sue got her man and normally would have left for the night, but something didn't set right with her ... something about the man Donna Jean was dancing with



... there was something about his eyes, cold and unfelling. And although Sue could tell he was coming on real mushy, his body was saying the opposite. ...

... and so were his buddies

When frustrated drinking men get together they can be very mean... especially towards the main source of their frustration



HEY, NO OFFENSE, WE WERE JUST KIDDIN..
...FATSO.. AHA HA HA!!

LOSE SOME WEIGHT, WOMAN!

NOW THAT IS FAT.



The music stops and the joint falls silent as four smug cowboys face the steel gaze of cold blue eyes



I THINK YOU
DUE MY FRIEND
DO IN A JEAN
AN APOLOGY.

HEY, WE TOLD
HER WE NUZ
JOKIN'!

YEH, CAN'T
SHE TAKE A
JOKE?!

YEH, AIN'T
SHE GOT NO
SENSE OF
HUEMUR?!

O.K. YOU BOYS
LAK JOKES,
HERE'S ONE
FOR YA.



WHAT'S GOT
EIGHT FEET.



ILON
-EYN
ANAT

TWELVE
PUNY LEGS.



I AM
A FOLK
RE-T

AND THE
SEX APPEAL
OF A REFRIED
BEANS?



I GIVE
UP,
WHAT IS
IT?

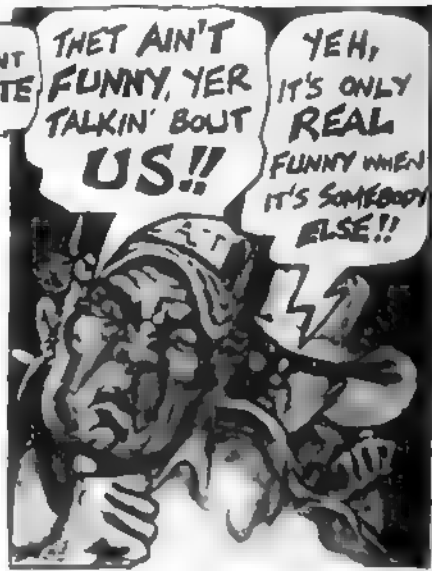
I DIDT ASK
ME THE RE
YER FRIENDS



HEY!!

NOW WAIT
A MINUTE
!!!

THEY AIN'T
FUNNY, YER
TALKIN' BOUT
US!!



YEH,
IT'S ONLY
REAL
FUNNY WHEN
IT'S SOMEBODY
ELSE!!

WELL, WELL, WELL.
YOU BOYS CAN SURE
SHOVEL IT OUT...

...BUT YA CAN'T
TAKE AH TEASPOON
BACK-CAN YA
WOOSIES?



OUCH! as Sue fully knows "Woosie" is the
ONE word cowboys don't like to even hear,
much less be called.....

DID YOU
SAY
WOOSIE?!



AIN'T
NOBODY
CALLS ME
WOOSIE.

YOU'RE
SAYING I'M
WRONG
THING.

YEH, WE'VE ALL
GOT REAL BIG
MUSCLES.

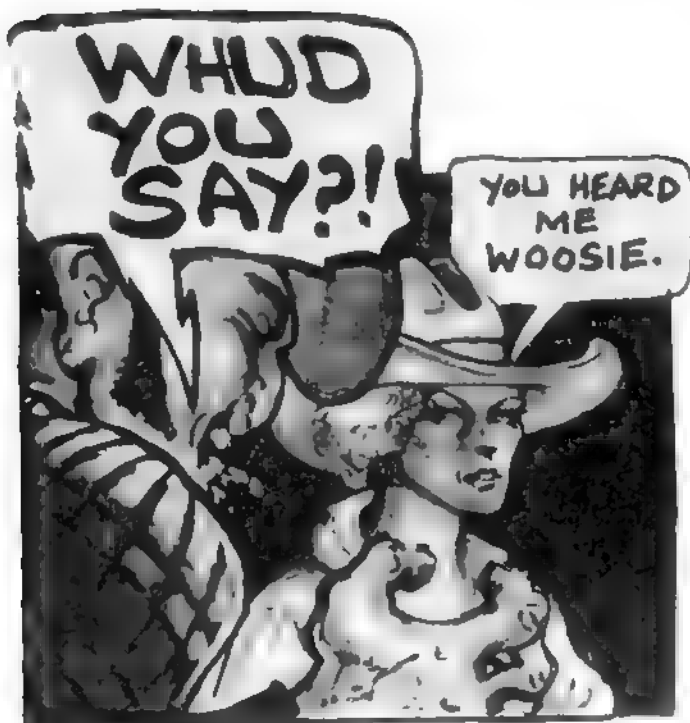
YEP, NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT, YOU BOYS
ARE FIRST CLASS
WOOSIES.



STOP USING THET
WORD WOMAN!!
IF YOU WERE AN MAN
I'D STOMP YOU GLD!!

IF I NEED ANY
SHIT FROM YOU
WOOSIE,
I'LL SQUEEZE
YER HEAD.





That did it The four burly cowboys couldn't intimidate her and they couldn't ask her to forgive them That wouldn't be manly

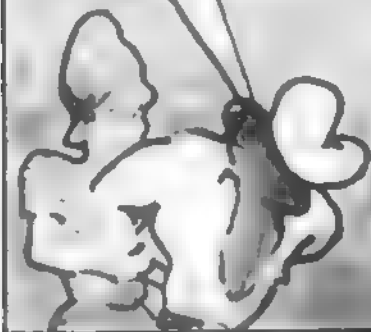
The only thing left was an all out fight, but why wasn't this little cowgirl afraid of them? It certainly filled their minds with doubt and whenever men have the slightest doubt, they stall.

SOMEBODY HOLD ME BACK, OR I'LL KILL 'ER !!



The biggest cowboy pumped himself up like a peacock and began ranting and raving .

EXCUSE ME, DO YOU
WANT TO HOLD ME BACK,
SO I WON'T KILL HER?
IT'S EASY, JUST GRAB ME
HERE AND HERE... AND
I CAN'T MOVE... TRY
IT...

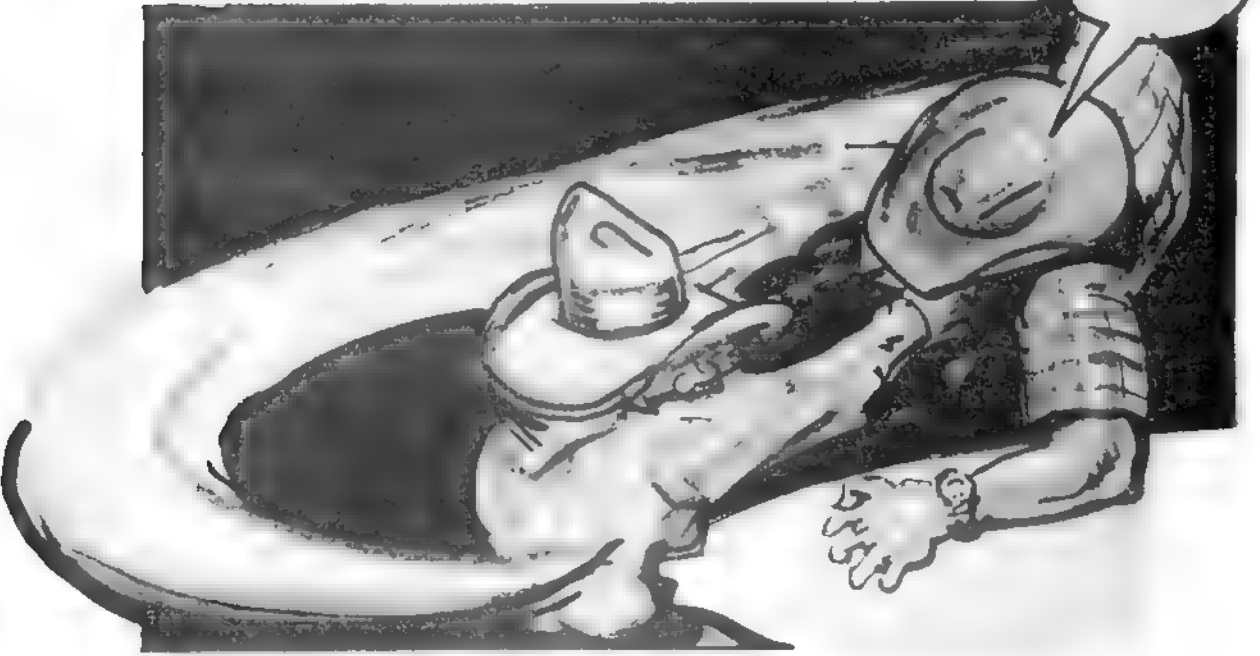


Another cowboy took a lap around the room and smashed his fist into a wall. He broke four fingers. That left Sue and the waterbed bronc rider. He finally figured no woman could handle his speed and strength. Big mistake

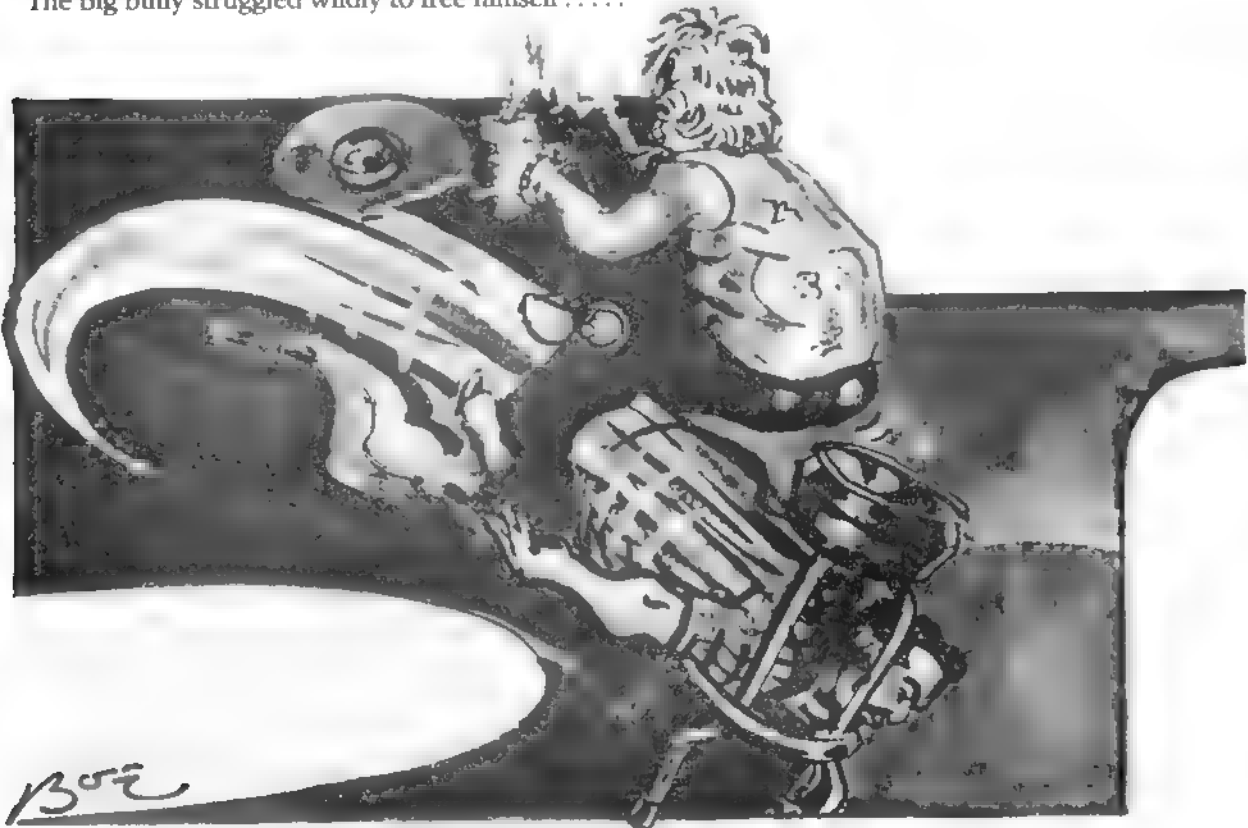


Sue wasted no time. As the Waterbed Bronc Rider lunged at her, she simply grabbed him by the ears and swung him into an occupied bar stool

!?!
...!



... which stunned the bronc rider. No woman had ever decked him much less even talked back to him
The big bully struggled wildly to free himself



TH' REST AH
YOU BOYS
LISTEN UP.

but before he could get himself loose, Sue put him
out of commission by grabbing the back of his
shorts and pulling them over his head
Needless to say this hurt quite a bit. With the Bronc
Rider secured, Sue turned her attention to his three
bodies and served them notice

WELL,
THEE ONE'S
TH' FAMILY
NAME.

DON'T EVIR
MAKE FUN OF
DONNA JEAN
AGAIN.

JUST CALL US
WOOSIES
MA'M.



After the incident, Donna Jean stayed locked up in her trailer for several days. Little did she know that a visit from her best friend would produce

“The Ultimate Diet Plan”

THOSE
GUYS
ARE
RIGHT
SUE.



DONNA JEAN, YOU DON'T SEEM
THAT OVERWEIGHT TA ME. SURE,
YER PACKIN' AH FEW SPARE TARS
THER, BUT AIN'T WE ALL?


COME ON SUE,
AH GOT EN IF SPARE
TARS TA OUTRIG
AH 16 WHEELER...

AHM TIRED AH BEIN'
FAT AN LONELY...NOW I
KNOW I'VE SAID THIS BEFORE,
BUT I'M GONNA LOSE
THIS WEIGHT.


I FEKKEET,
DC (D) TAKE
SUGAR

ANYWAYS,
I'VE GOT AH NEW
DIET PLAN THAT
IS ABSOLOOTLY
GARUNTEED TA
WORK!!


SOUNDS GUD
WHAT'S IT
CALLED



"DROP
POUNDS OR
DIE."

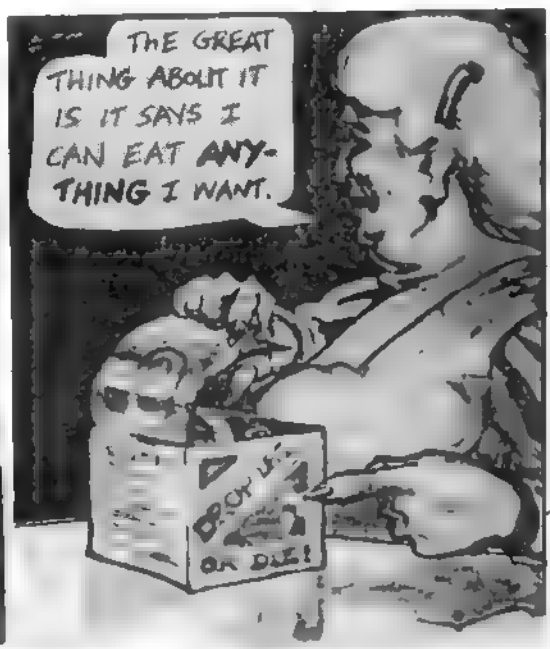


KIND OF
A CATCHY NAME
ISN'T IT?



DONNA JEAN,
THET SOUNDS LAK A
PURDY DANGEROUS
DIET TA ME.

IT'S GARANTEED
TA WORK, ALL THEY
COULDN'T PRINT
THET LIES IT
WAS TRUE.



HOW LONG AN MINUTE, YOU TRYIN TA TELL ME YOU CAN EAT **CHICKEN FRIED STEAKS** AN **GLAZED DONUTS** AN' STILL LOSE WEIGHT?

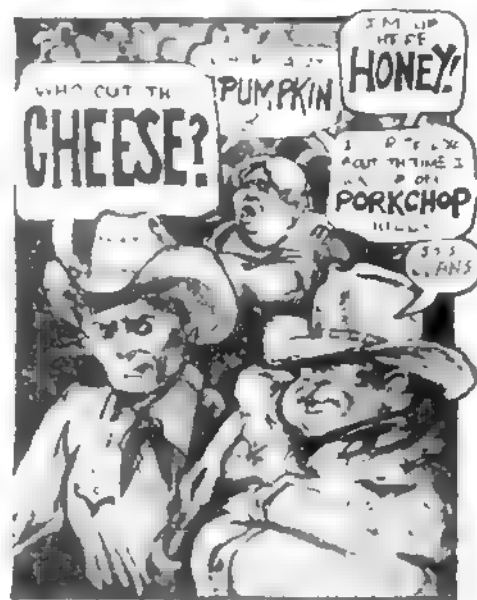
YEP! IN FACT THET SOUNDS LAK AH GHD BREAKFAST.

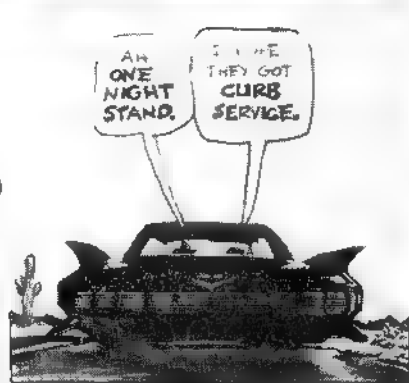
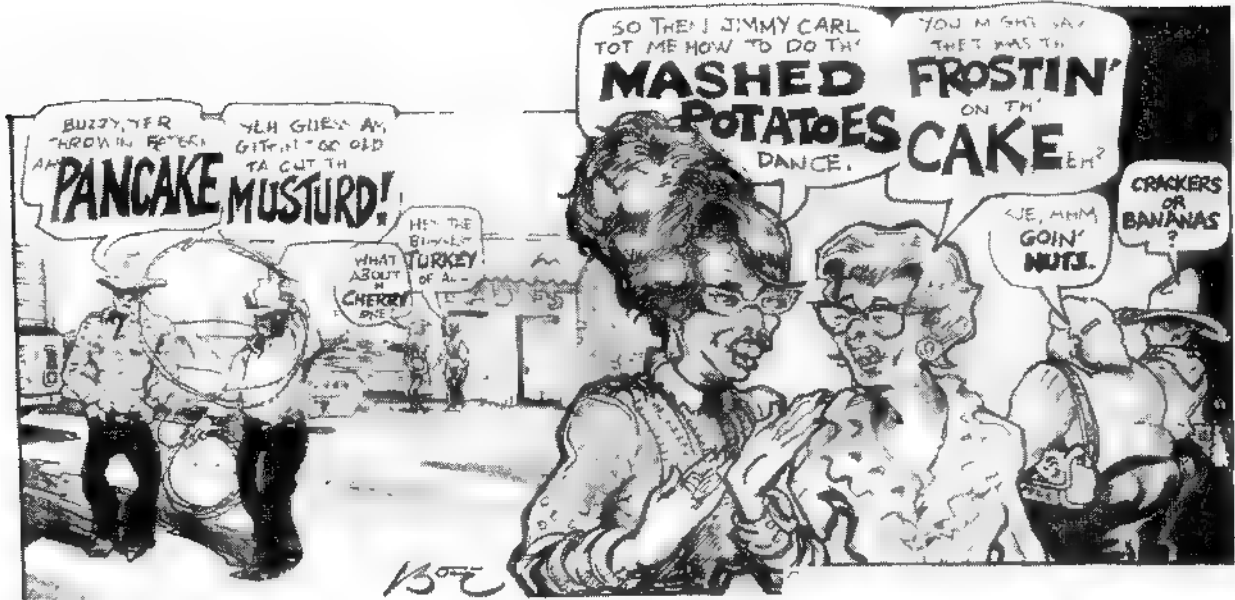
WHAT'S TH' **CATCH** DONNA JEAN?





Part III







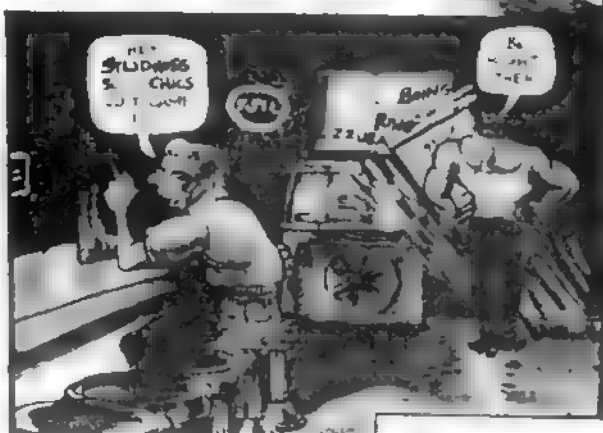
NOW DORNA TEAN
I WANT YOU TO JOIN
HERE AND PICK UP
THE BEST LUKIN
MAN IN TOWN



SHE, AHM
SCARED, VINT F
DON'T LAK
ME?

LET ME
WOARY
'BOUT THT

NO SHES &
NO SHIRTS
Welcome



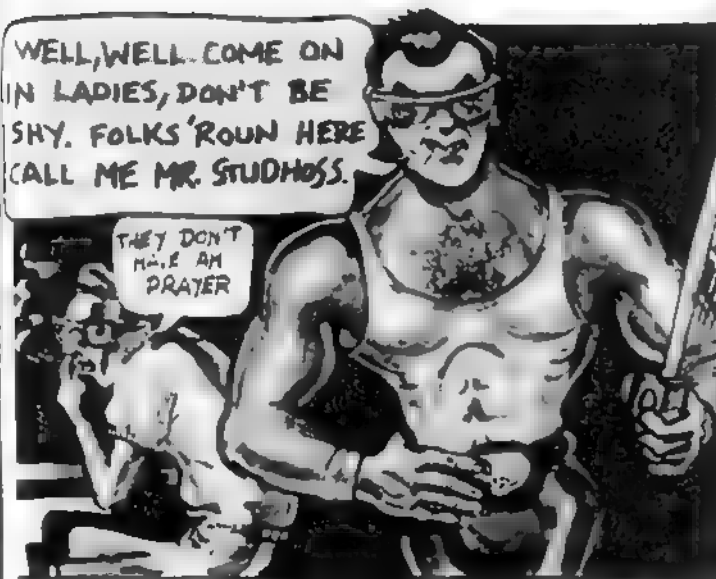
HEY
STUDHOSS
& CHKS
WIT LAKI

KE
W. JET
T-H

FOYO

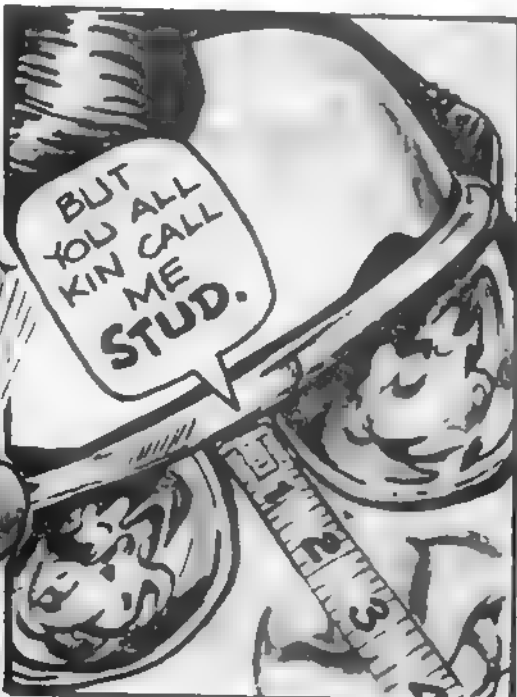
BANK

22.4



WELL, WELL. COME ON
IN LADIES, DON'T BE
SHY. FOLKS 'ROUND HERE
CALL ME MR. STUDHOSS.

THEY DON'T
MAKE AN
PRATER



BUT
YOU ALL
KIN CALL
ME
STUD.



LUK RAT
IN MA EYES
BIG BOY.

HEY, NOW
YER TALKIN'
SWEETIE



Poor Donna Jean is in the pits. Cursed by food on the brain, plagued by a barroom dork and rejected by Mr. Studhoss. Things could not look pittier.

But, meanwhile, Sue has put Mr. Studhoss in a very deep hypnotic trance and it appears that Donna Jean's problems might be solved by one simple post hypnotic suggestion....

COZONE

..... NOW WHEN I
SNAP MA FINGERS
YOU WON'T REMEMBER
A THING I'VE SAID,
EXCEPT...

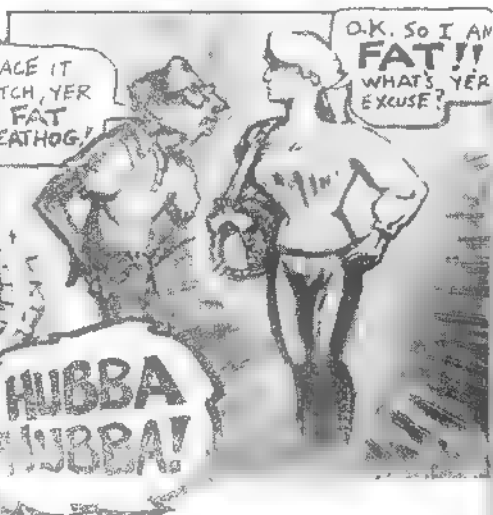
HEY, BEGGERS
CAN'T BE
CHOOSY MAN'



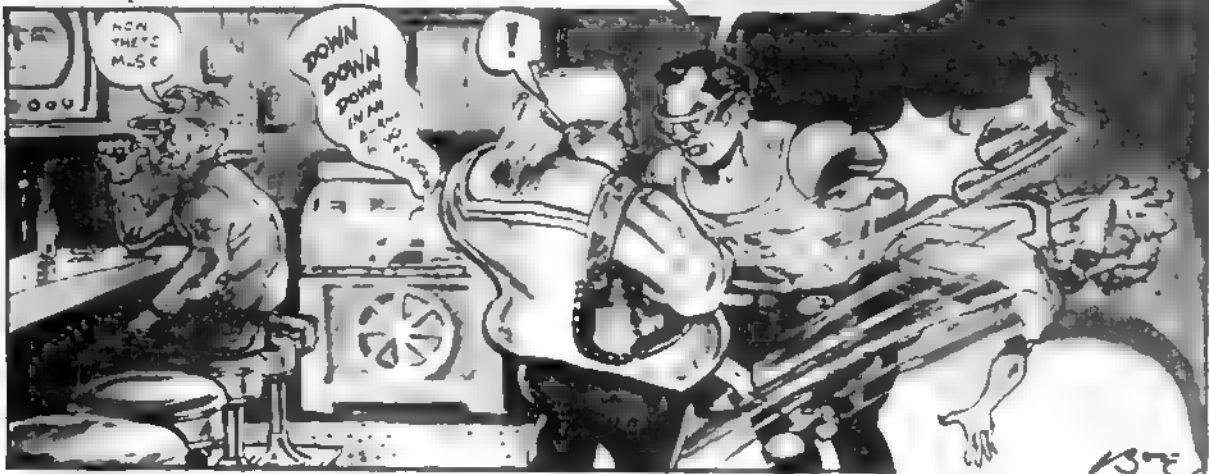
...WHATEVER LUKED FAT
TO YOU BEFORE IS NOW
GONNA LUK **REALL**
SLIM AND CURVY.



It's been said that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder,
and what Mr. Studhoss beholds when he comes out
of his trance puts Donna Jean in a very different
light indeed



'SCUSE ME MAM.
IS THIS CREEP
BOTHERN' YOU?!



ARE YOU
SURE YER
NOT JUST
FUNNIN' ME?

YER TH' SEXIEST LUKIN
WOMAN A.E. EVIR
WANTED 2 G.T. MA
PAWS ON.



START TH' CAR
SDE HE MAY BE
BLIND BUT I GOT IM!!

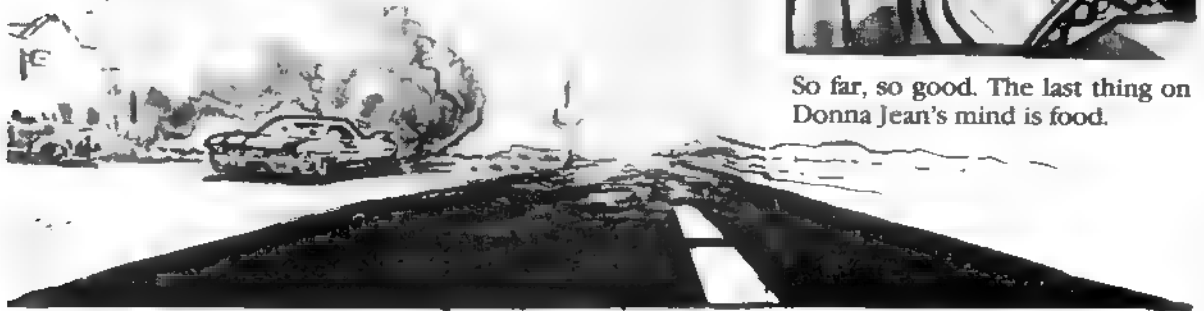




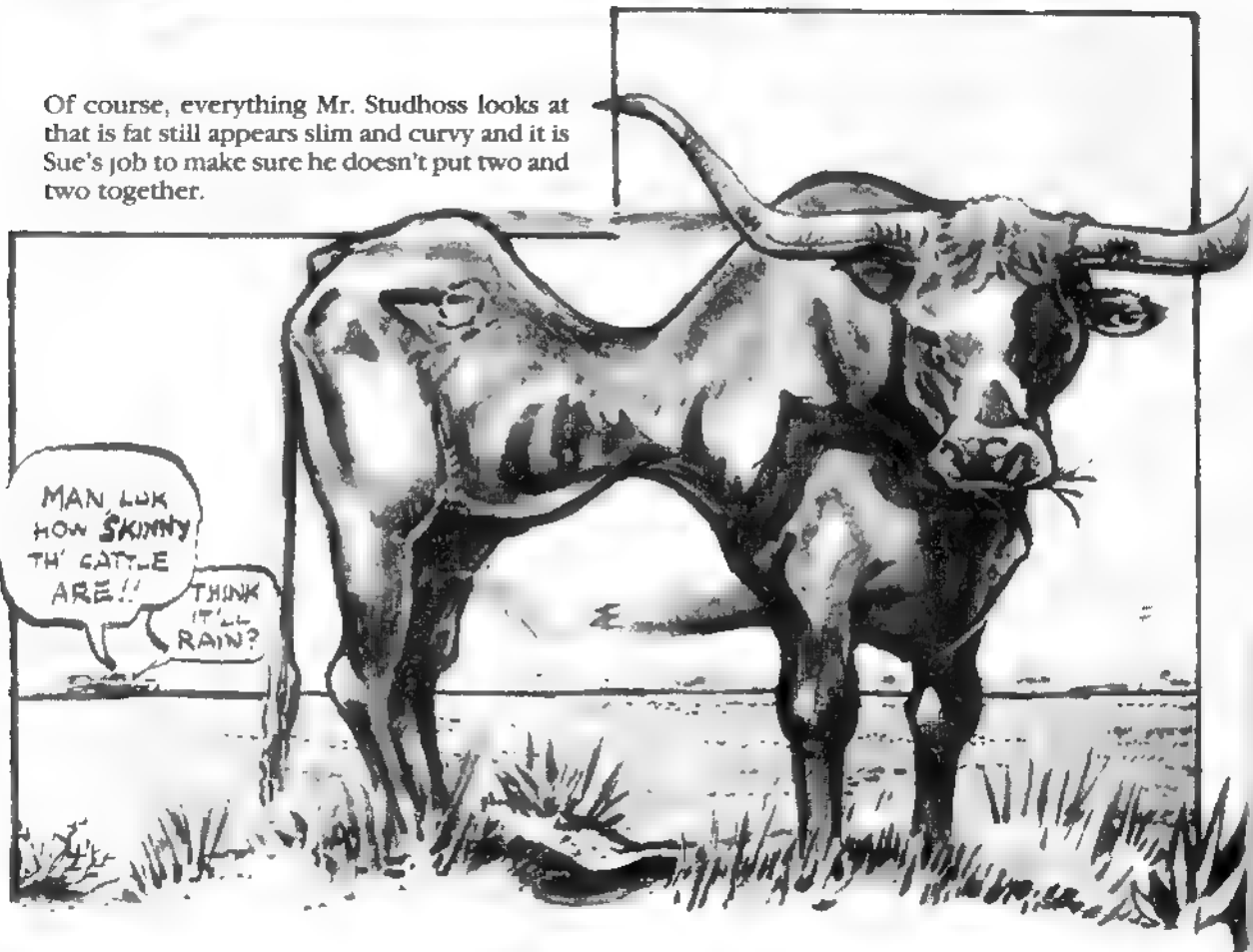
Donna Jean stuffs Mr. Studhoss into the back-seat and Sue floorboards her primer gray Cadillac out onto the open road.



So far, so good. The last thing on Donna Jean's mind is food.



Of course, everything Mr. Studhoss looks at that is fat still appears slim and curvy and it is Sue's job to make sure he doesn't put two and two together.

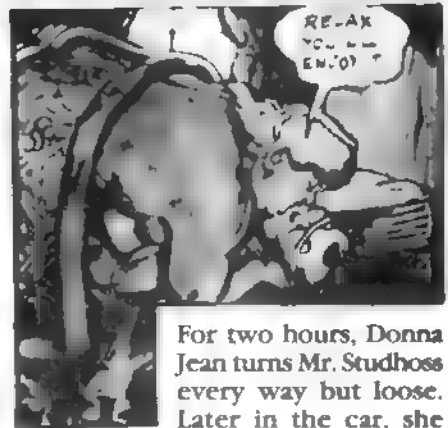




Five miles and twelve dollars later Donna Jean stands on the threshold of a dream



Sue waits outside, lights a smoke, watches the distant heatwaves and smiles when she hears the muffled sounds of a squeaky box spring.



For two hours, Donna Jean turns Mr. Studhoss every way but loose. Later in the car, she says . . .

GEE, THANKS SUE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID, BUT IT SURE WORKED!

WELL, YER WELCOME DONNA JEAN, AHM JUST GLAD I CUD HELP YA KEEP YER MIND OFF FOOD.





The End *until next time*

The DOPPELGÄNGER



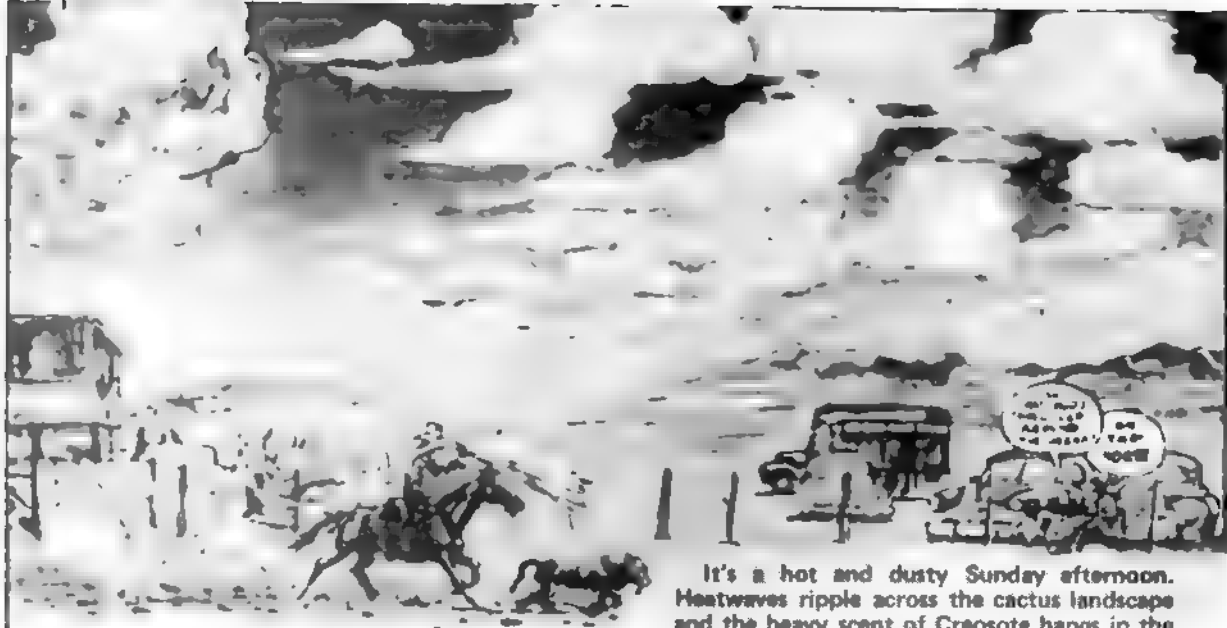
in JackPOT Roping

In the days before air conditioning, Arizona spawned a generation of people who lived close to the land. The main reason for this was gravity. It kept them real close to nature, so to speak.

In recent years, A.C. (after air conditioning) a new breed of people has moved in, born free of gravity or nature. In time, the old breed will be gone and out of the way, without much of a struggle.

This story is dedicated to the strugglers.

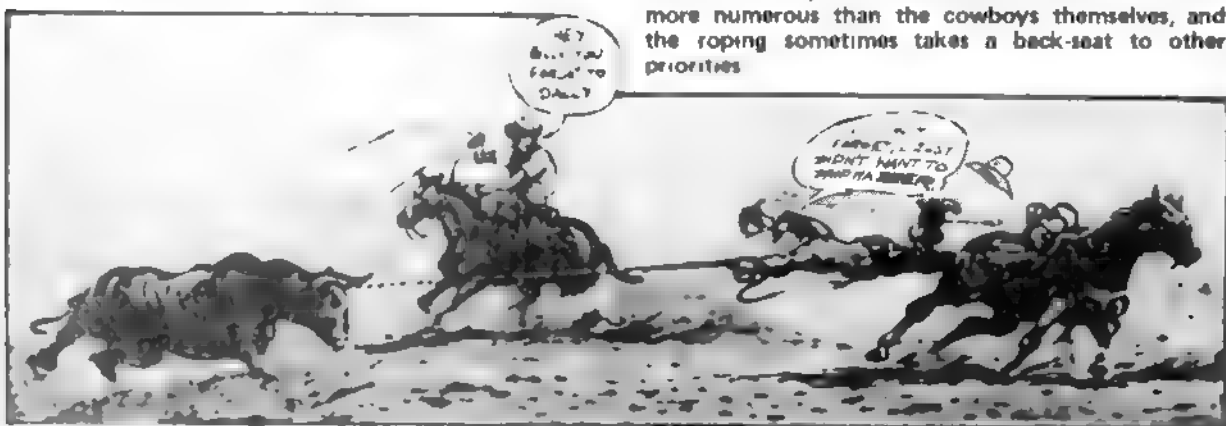
BTE



It's a hot and dusty Sunday afternoon. Heatwaves ripple across the cactus landscape and the heavy scent of Creosote hangs in the air. Neighboring cowboys from Cattletrack Basin gather to bet some money. It's Jackpot Roping time.

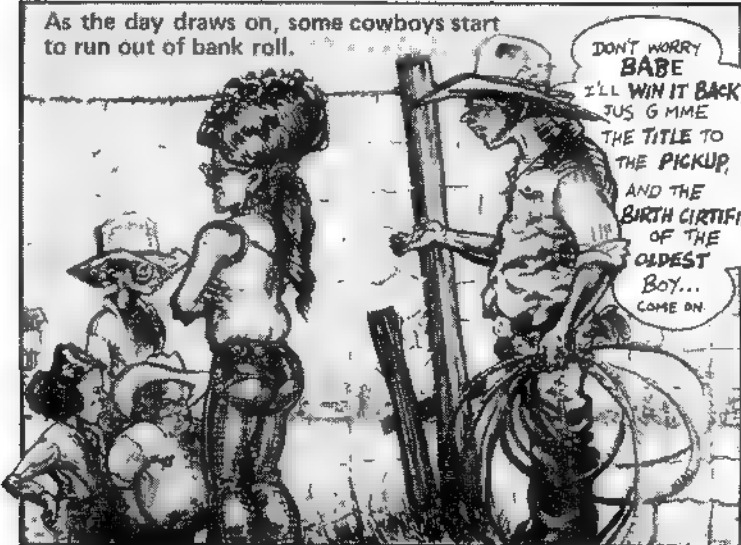


Unlike a scheduled rodeo, Jackpot Roping is less formal. Horses, tall tales and Cactus Beer cans are more numerous than the cowboys themselves, and the roping sometimes takes a back-seat to other priorities.



As the day draws on, some cowboys start to run out of bank roll.

Others are hot and can't be stopped.



DON'T WORRY
BABE
I'LL WIN IT BACK,
JUS G MME
THE TITLE TO
THE PICKUP,
AND THE
BIRTH CERTIFIKIT
OF THE
OLDEST
BOY...
COME ON



The Doperoper uses his famous "over the head" dismount to turn in a third time under six seconds, easily winning the day's pot.



BEST TIME
OF THE DAY FOLKS
4.5 SECONDS
FOR
D-R HOOKER!

HEH...
I'DA GOTTIN'
IN A FLAT
BUT MA HORSE
TRIPPED COMIN'
OUT

As a finale, D-R bets all comers he can rope and tie three calves in six seconds



SIX SECONDS!
WHY THAT'S ONLY
TWO SECONDS
PER CALF
D-R!

YER SOME
KINDA MATH
WHIZ E-ROD.

O.K. BOYS
PUT YER MONEY
WHERE YER
MOUTHS ARE.

IMPOSSIBLE!
I'VE GOT TWENTY
SAYS YA CAN'T
DOPEROPER!

THERES NO
WAY D-R,
I'LL PUT IN
A HUNDERD!

COUNT ME
IN FER
TWO
HUNDERD!

GIMME
TEN!

I'LL DO
A
DOLAR

Several cowboys from the Big Sandy are anxious to recoup some of their day's losses and jump into the betting with a vengeance. The Doperoper just smiles, walks to his pickup and trades his grass rope for one of seven other ropes he keeps hung on the rack in his rear window.

The final wagering brings the pot to thirteen hundred dollars, twenty-one C.B. radios, a "Dick Shelton Brush Saddle" and one John Deere Manure Spreader

PRETTY SQUIDLY
LOOKIN' ROPE,
WHAT SAT MADE
OF D-R!

ONE
HALL ATLEON,
ONE HALL
TELEPHONE TABLE
S-UT RAY

Three calves are herded into the narrow chute. The timer signals he's ready and all eyes turn to the Doperoper, who stuns the assembled crowd by removing Shamrock's bridle and mounting up backwards!

WATCHEM
SQUIRM
SHAMROCK

ANY? ME

EVIDENTLY, OLE D-R
WANTS TO SEE WHERE HE'S
BEEN FER A CHANGE, RATHERN
WHERE HE'S AK GOIN!
A HEGN-HEH...

DON'T BLAMIN'
A BIT,
SEEM AS HOWZ HE'S
HEADED STRAIGHT
FER THE POOR
HOUSE!
HON.. HODO.. EE

AT'S
DOWNRIGHT
DUMB.

AWHREEST
NOW I WISH
I'D AH PUT
IN
DOUBLE!

I A LUN
CARBIDE

WHAT
TO HEH'S
HE DOIN
IS?

BLAMED
IF I
KNOW
CHOL

The Doperoper nods his head and three ornery calves spring for daylight...

Shamrock explodes out into the arena with blinding speed . . .



25 . He catches the fleeing trio in three strides and



jumps smack-dab over the middle of them

. . . In mid-air, D-R lets fly off the back with a short, fast loop. A seasoned twist of the wrist spins the rope sideways into multiple twirls.

A quick jerk secures all three loops and Shamrock's speed cuts the slack.



One hop off the back and the Doperoper ties all three beeves with one piggin' string.

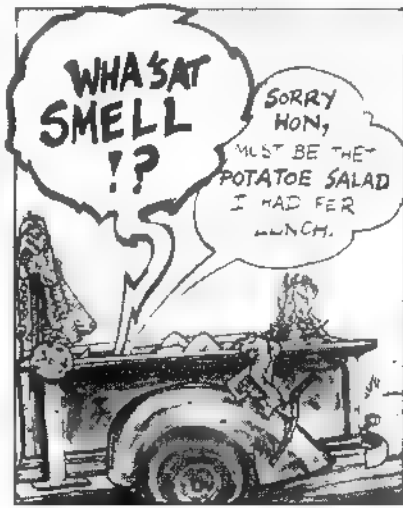


BY GOLLY
WE GOT 'ER.
5.8
SECONDS!

CHRIST
O MIGHTY,
YOU SEE
THE
GUINER?

The cowboys come by D-R's truck one at a time to pay their respective bets. A few of the Sandy boys get kind of rude with the tongue, but the Doperoper is as quick with his mouth as he is with a rope.



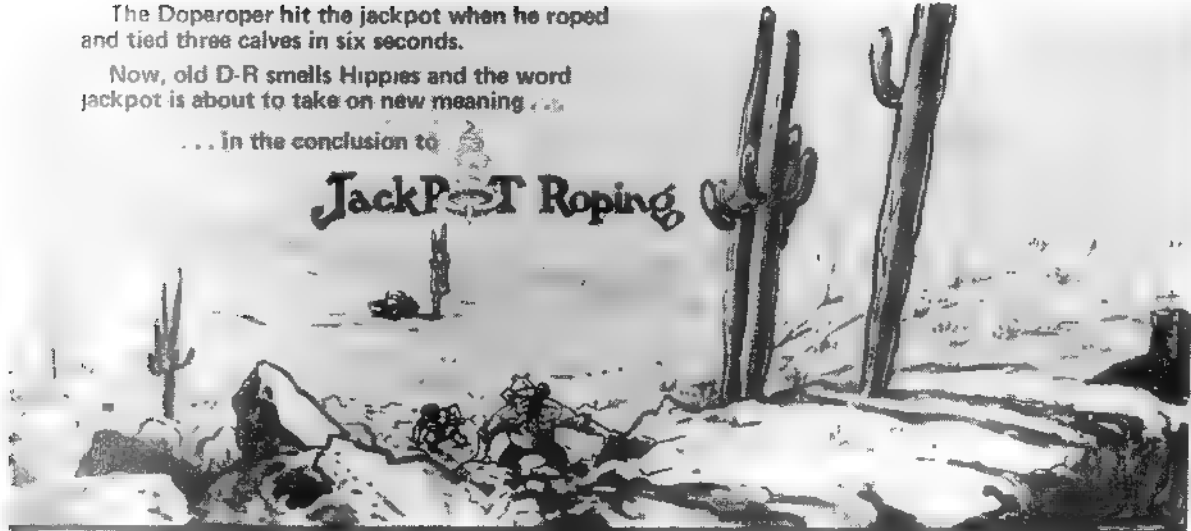


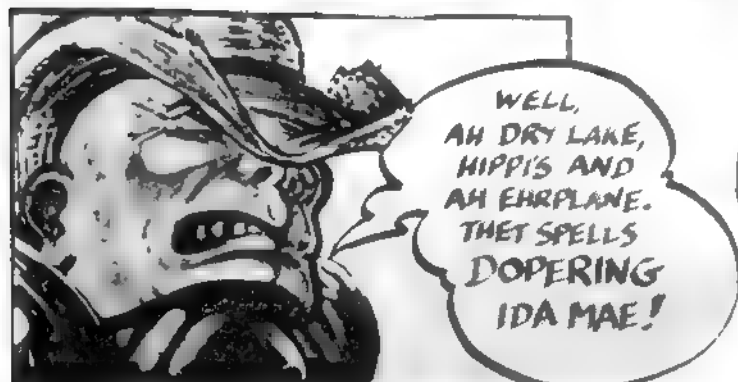
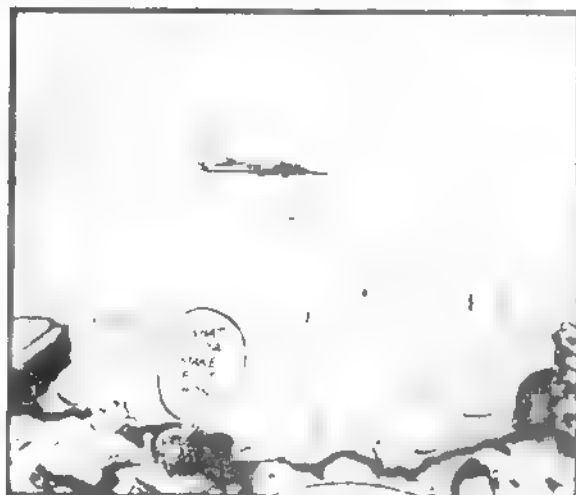
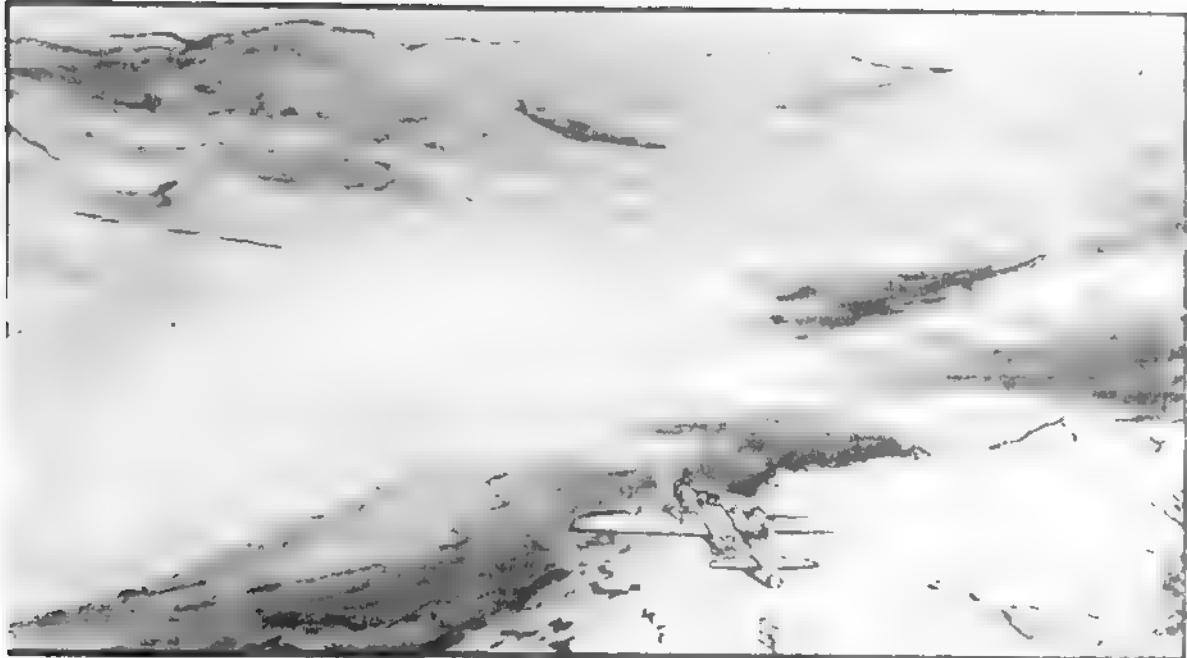
The Doperoper hit the jackpot when he roped and tied three calves in six seconds.

Now, old D-R smells Hippies and the word jackpot is about to take on new meaning.

... in the conclusion to

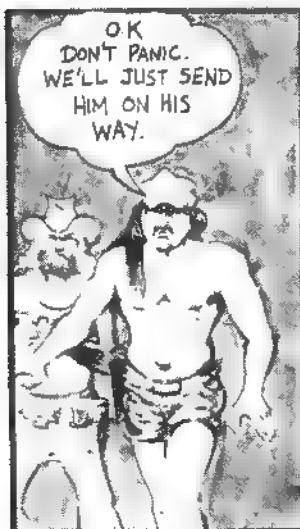
JackPot Roping

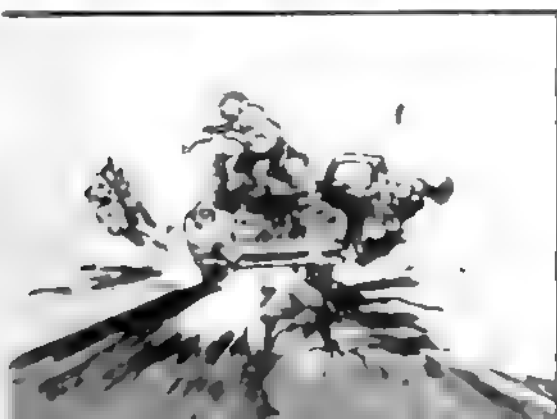
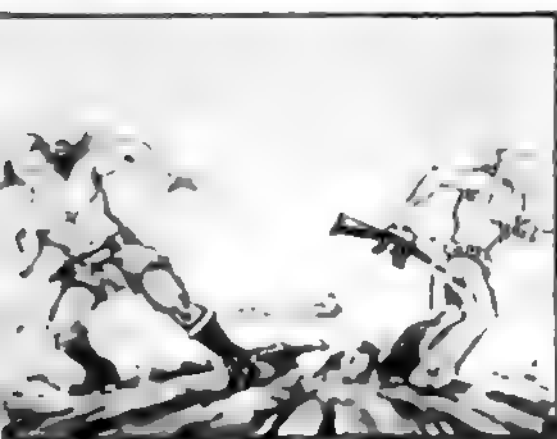


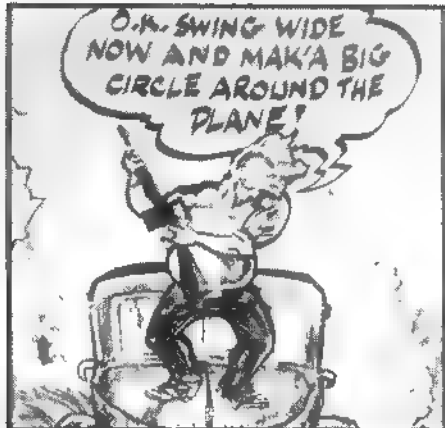




Ah, but sometimes the difference between a mule and a jackass is not that significant. True, it may take brains to be a successful lawyer, and it may take guts and brains to be a multi-million dollar dope smuggler on the side, but sooner or later, even the smartest of the smart end up looking like a mule's cousin. As shadows stretch out across a dusty Arizona dry lake, the difference between a mule and a jackass is about to evaporate...








In the still dusk air, the low drone of a straining flathead-six mingles with the choppy report of semi-automatic rifle fire. With deadly accuracy, the Doperoper begins to blow out all the tires on the "Mary Jane." The aged warbird creaks and sags as every tumbling bullet finds its mark.



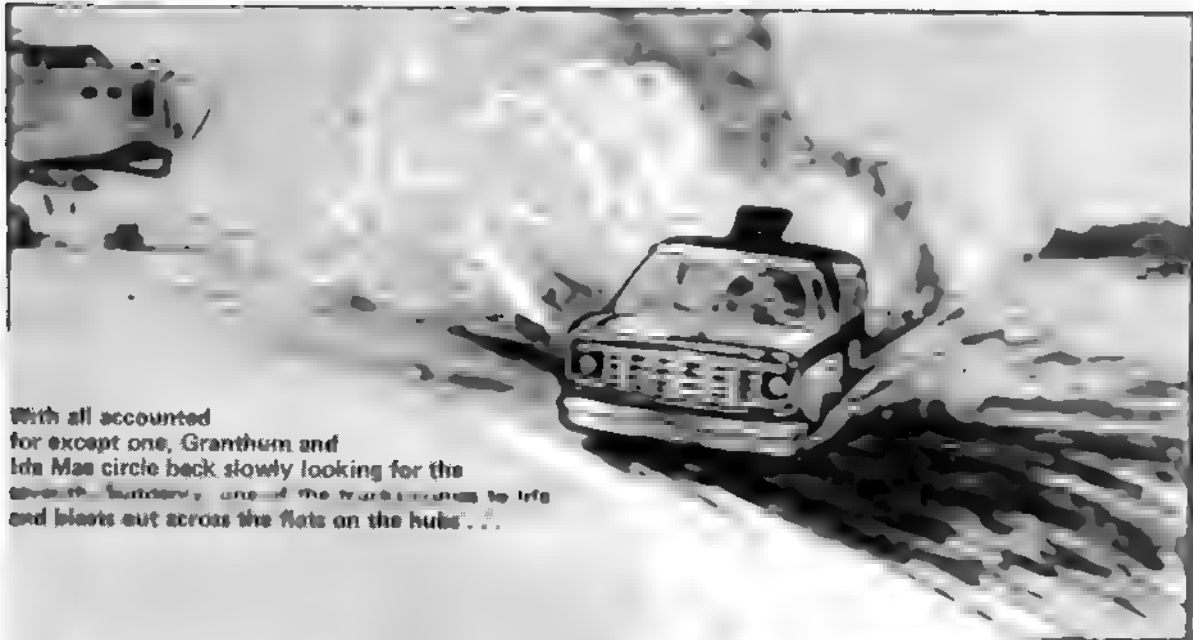
Reversing field, D-R keeps the Hippies scurrying back and forth for cover as he begins to concentrate on the truck tires. Within thirty seconds every hub hugs the ground.



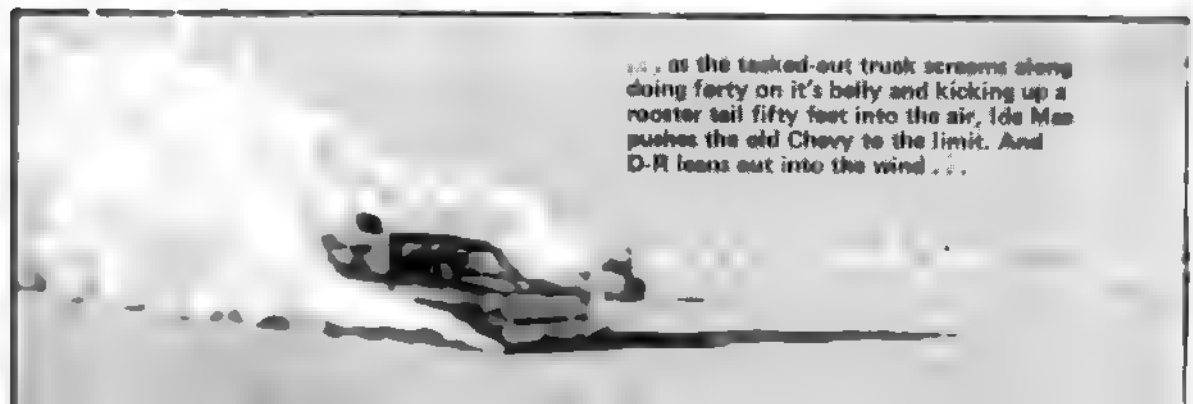
... One by one, the Hippy mules try to make a run for it in the thick dust, but the Doperoper lives up to his name, playing with them all like a cat plays with a lizard. He uses his nylon telephone cable rope to snag a tricky zig-zagger that should have zigged when he zagged, and his acrylic nylon rope heels a desperate low crawler.



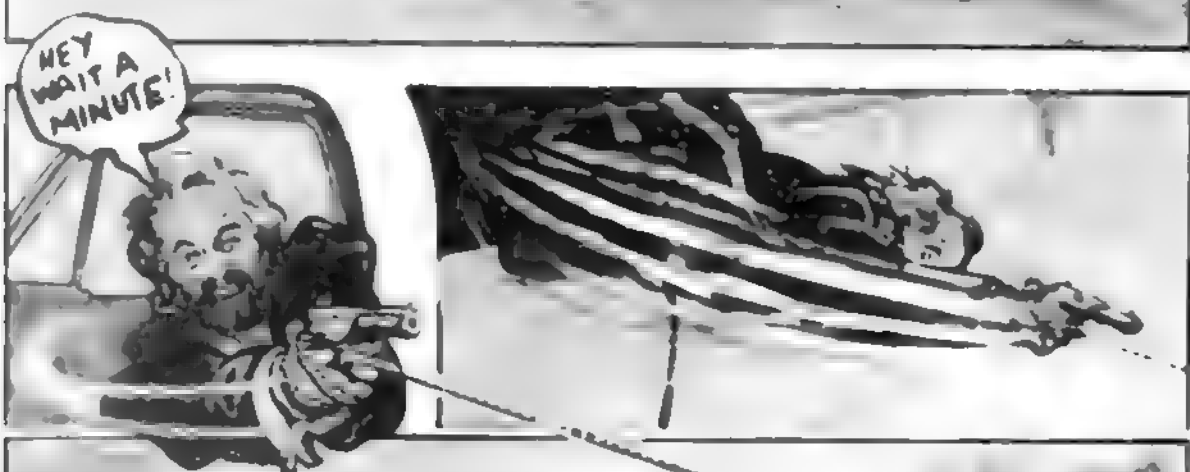
Five passes without a miss and the grinning pickup looks like a ski-boat pulling body surfers across a dusty lake.



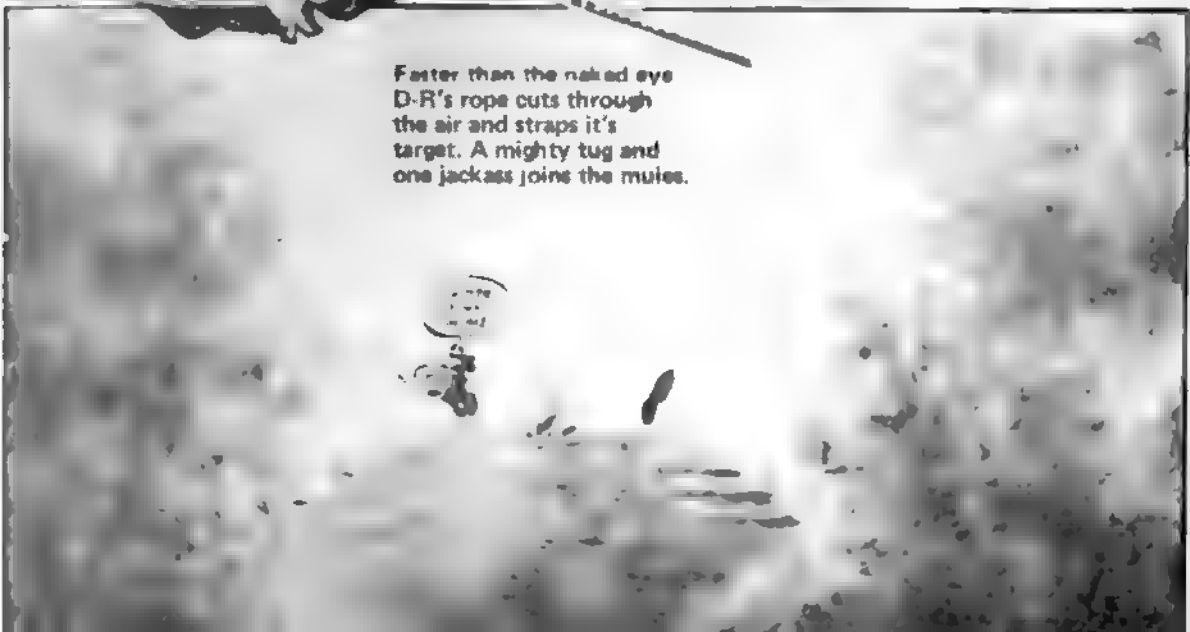
With all accounted for except one, Granthem and Ida Mae circle back slowly looking for the seventh boundary, and the truck comes to life and bleats out across the flats on the hubs . . .

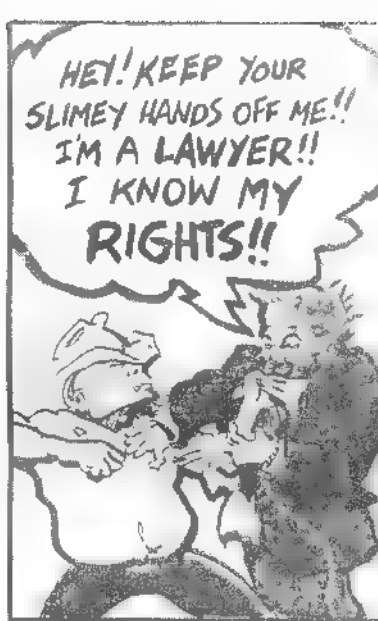
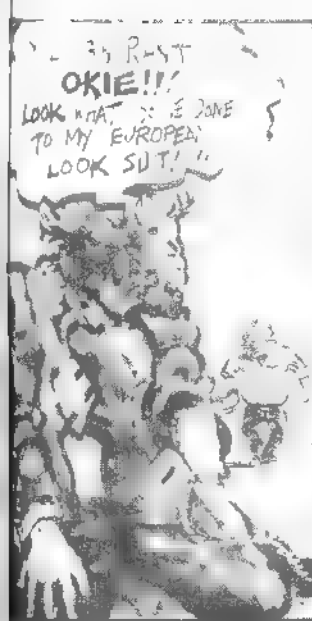


... as the tanked-out truck screams along doing forty on it's belly and kicking up a rooster tail fifty feet into the air, Ida Mae pushes the old Chevy to the limit. And D-R leans out into the wind . . .



Faster than the naked eye
D-R's rope cuts through
the air and straps it's
target. A mighty tug and
one jackass joins the mules.





... later at the Heatwave Cafe

IT'S A BOUT TIME
YOU GOT HERE
D-R
WHERE TH
WELL YOU
BEEN?

WELL I'LL TELL YA,
I WAS TRYIN' OUT AN
OLE SET AN SPURS
AN YOU MIGHT SAY
I HIT THE
JACKPOT.

HONKYTONKERS

SEVEN HONKYTONK TYPES TO BEWARE OF!

by *Boze*



The Oldtimers

They've been cuttin' a rug and raisin' hell most of this century. Let's face it, they watched country music grow up and if there's a dance worth dancin' west of the Big Muddy, they've danced it. The Virginia Reel, The Jitterbug, The Montezuma Two Step, you name it, the Oldtimers have kicked to 'em all.

BEWARE: If you have any history of heart trouble, do not try to keep up with these types.



The Kickers

These Honkytonkers use dancing as a therapeutic release. To them dancing is a contact sport and the idea is to make contact with all the other dancers on the floor and be the last ones standing. Very outspoken, they yell cute little things at the band like "Turn down or I'll use this gun."

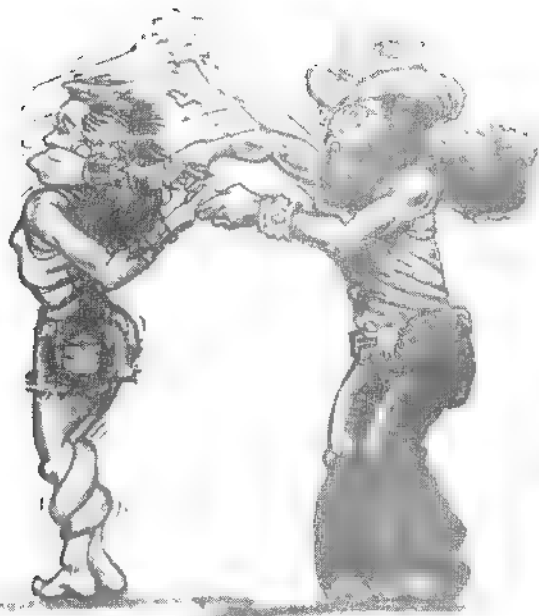
BEWARE: Have good health insurance and keep at least a leg's length away.

The Boozers

Their dance style is very fluid, and often, resembles a balloon with a bad leak. Perpetually half-crooked, most of their evening is spent dancing on other people's feet.

BEWARE: When in the vicinity of these types, never light matches or wear open-toed shoes.





The Showboats

The rococo of the hankytonk dancers. To them dancing is a profession, and they've got more moves than a half-time Rose Bowl band.

BEWARE. Give them plenty of room because if you blow one of their choreographed routines you'll be in hot water (with their agent).

The Twirlybirds

Here's the new phenomina of the '70's. Five years ago you couldn't get them to even listen to country music. Now they think they discovered it. Long on fancy twirls and short on steps.

BEWARE. Of flying limbs, turquoise, and roach clips.



The Spatters

Closely related to the Kickers, but these two keep all their aggression in the family. Their style of dancing is somewhere between Kung Fu and Monday Night Football.

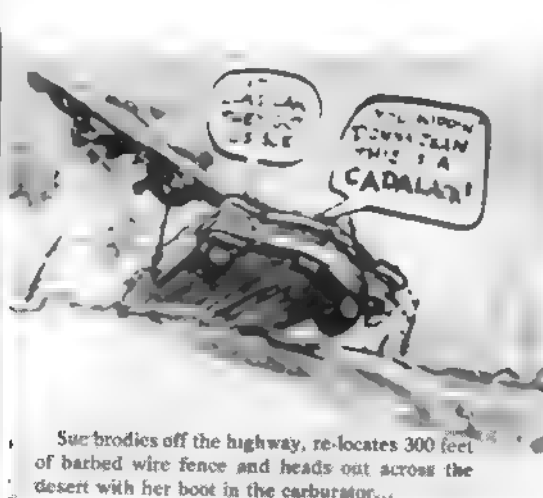
BEWARE. Don't try to aid either of them though, because

The Masters and Johnson Lab Team

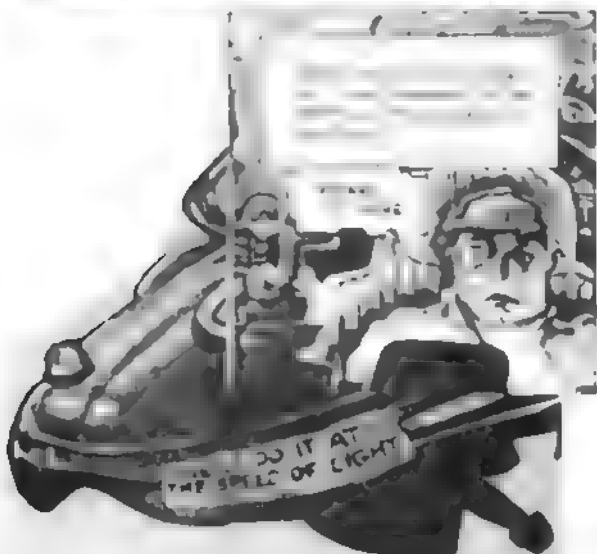
Here's some real hot dancers. They don't use much feet action, mostly hands and bodily english, and it's amazing what they can do in the vertical position. They are invariably married, but not to each other.

BEWARE. Heavy doors between them.

Some Exciting Scenes From The Next Issue of Honkytonk Sue ...



Sue brodies off the highway, re-locates 300 feet of barbed wire fence and heads out across the desert with her boot in the carburetor...



SR I TOLD
YOU WE GOT TOO
MANY COWBOYS DOWN
HERE THERE WOULD
BE PROBLEMS.

NOT SAW
STICK
DOWN
HERE



NEW TIMES WEEKLY

SUNTRACKS

THE MUSIC MAGAZINE

PREMIERE ISSUE

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MARCH 14-20, 1979

An interview with **Paul McCartney**

BY JONATHAN BENTLEY



Organized Crime Bureau Investigates Arizona Audio

See Front Page

NEW TIMES WEEKLY

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

MARCH 14-20, 1979

Dr. Richard Ireland: Mystic or Magician?

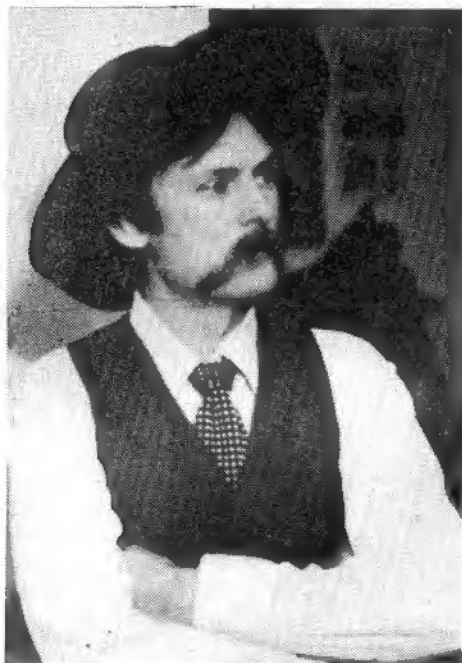


Congratulations Sue
on your first comic
book. We are proud to
be the first newspaper
in the country with the
foresight, courage and
audacity to run
Honkytonk Sue every
week.



Arizona's hottest weekly

About The Author



BOB BOZE BELL

I have known Bob Boze Bell for over 23 years. We grew up together in the rough tourist town of Kingman, Arizona. In all that time I never knew him to utter an unkind word about someone who was carrying a knife or bigger than him. Moreover, I never knew him to "unnecessarily trace" or "copy" from his neighbor, or miss an advantage like this one to blow his own horn.

There are many misconceptions and inaccuracies concerning his life, but none of them are very interesting or worth repeating here.

Suffice to say, Boze is a real small-town human being, with hopes and dreams and the unique capacity to perceive life as a big fat joke. I wish him all the success in the world, as he still owes me \$1500.

**Dan Harshberger
Editor, Razz Revue
Phoenix, Arizona**

REMEMBER GIRLS.
"IF A MAN HAS TO
BRAG, HE'LL BE
THE FIRST TO SAG."





Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Honkytonk Sue #1

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Comments:

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